

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 16, 1957

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

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BY WILLY SCHAEFFLER

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troller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey.



Acknowledgments on page 75

COVER: AMY BALRD
Photograph by Christie

The newest streamlining fashion on the horizon for America's skiing women is the elasticized one-piece ski suit, a style which does everything for a figure that stretch pants do, and then some. Amy Balrd of Portland, Ore. shows it here on snowy Mt. Hood; for other examples, see page 54.

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THREE FOR THE MONEY 14
Pro football's Wild West show swirled in a triple dead heat. By TEX MAULE

HORSES OF THE YEAR 28
It was a great season, says WHITNEY TOWER. With portraits IN COLOR

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A report on minor league baseball's end plight. by ROY TERNBELL

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REVOLUTION IN SKIING: PART II 60
Continuing his course in the new shortening technique, WILLY SCHLAEFFLER get you out in the snow to learn basic turns. Illustrated By ROBERT RIGER

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NEXT WEEK

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

This big issue reveals the identity of the Sportsman of the Year and the trophy he will receive (right), as well as the winners in the Silver Anniversary All-America



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MEMO

from the publisher



IT SPOILS THE FUN a little if you know *exactly* what you're going to get for Christmas. But it's always a fair part of the game to peek over the banister for a preview of the presents in their wrappings if you can get away with it. Having done that myself with next week's Special Holiday Issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, I think I can give an idea of what's coming without actually untying the ribbon on the package you see here.

• First is the announcement of our fourth annual Sportsman of the Year.

Added to the big story this year is a gallery of other sportsmen—those our staff members would have named for the honor had they been limited to the field of sport in which they and their choices are expert. You'll get a look at not only the sportsmen but their highly partisan pickers as well.

- Then PREVIEWS of the five top bowl games—Rose, Sugar, Orange, Cotton and Gator, with Scouting Reports on the teams and a special feature on the key play to watch for in each game.
- The second annual Silver Anniversary All-America: the football lettermen of 25 years ago who have most distinguished themselves in their careers since then, as selected by an eminent board of judges.
- A fun and games section, with some surprises as pleasant as being caught under the mistletoe; and perhaps, in a new bridge quiz by Charles Goren, also as embarrassing.
- The finale of Willy Schaeffler's ski series—the last word on the revolutionary reverse shoulder, heel thrust and comma position.
- A solution to the problem of dinner if that most elusive of birds, the wild turkey, flies through the window about the time 15 guests drop in to watch the bowl game with you. But also, in a more practical vein, how to go about it if you have the guests without the turkey.
- And a good deal more, all in the holiday spirit and all in the spirit of good sport.

It's an extra large issue, a two-in-one issue, which means that the following week there'll be an intermission. And then we'll be off and running in 1958.

Harry Phillips



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THE QUESTION: Which is more intelligent, a horse or a mule? (Asked at the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden)

MRS. EDWARD WHITEHEAD

Wife of president of Schaeffer (U.S.) Ltd.



"Stubborn as a mule." You wouldn't call that intellect, would you? Suppose you apply the expression to humans.

How intelligent is a man who is "stubborn as a mule"? A horse will work for you all his life. All you need with reasonable men and horses are hands to lead them.

ELEONORA SPARS

Boston
Famous horsewoman



A horse won't run out of a burning building, and he may run back into one. A mule is smart enough to stop working when he has had enough. If you start a fire under him he won't move, but a horse can be driven until he drops dead. All this may be instinct, but I'll take the horse any time.

MRS. ALBERT E. HART JR.

Cedarhurst, N.Y.



The mule is smarter. I know. I own a mule. The British say that a horse will eat himself to death if you give him enough oats. But a mule will eat only what he needs to remain his stubborn self. He is willing to do just so much work and no more. That's intelligence.

WILLIAM JOSHUA BARNES JR.

President
National Horse Show



A horse. He is a highly intelligent animal. I disagree with Rex Ellisworth that "horses, including Swags, are stupid animals." I rate the intelligence of a good horse with dogs and cats. The mule's only claim to intelligence is his stubbornness when he doesn't want to work.

ALAN BETHEL

President
Standard Triumph Motor Co.



A horse. He doesn't have as hard a working life as the mule, and he is allowed to share more of the arts and the graces of life.

There are horse shows for the horse, and he makes possible "the sport of kings." A horse has been sold for more than a million dollars. That's horse sense.

LIEUT. GENERAL BLACKBURN M. BRYAN

Commander, First
U.S. Army



Mules are no exhibitionists, and they tend to be "cussed and ornery," as well as "set in their ways" but, when compared in intelligence to horses, you are insulting the mule. When thirsty, mules will drink only what is necessary, while horses will drink their fill at once if allowed to do so.

JACK KEESMAN

Greenwich, Conn.
Advertising executive



Although my hobby is vamping, I used to live on a farm. I think the horse is more intelligent. They say that a dog is man's best friend. He isn't, not really. The horse is man's best friend. He has been doing man's work over the centuries, and there is a comradeship between a man and a horse.

W. R. BALLARD

Captain, Canadian
Equestrian Team



I think that a horse is the more intelligent. People can't love a really dumb beast. Everyone loves a horse, but I have yet to hear

anyone say he's crazy about a mule. In fact, an occasional horsewoman has such a large place in her heart for a horse that there's no room for a man.

ADRIAN VAN SINDEREN

President, American
Horse Show Assn.



A mule is much safer. I believe I know as much about mules as I know about horses. They're ornery critters and they often do what they want, not what you want. But a mule will take better care of a man. Only mules are used in the bottom of the Grand Canyon; but I'd never own one.

GENERAL HUNBERTO NARILES

Captain, Mexican
Equestrian Team



The horse. I've worked with both. A mule is not intelligent. True, you can't force him to do some things, but that's stubbornness. A horse can be trained. He knows the difference between reward and punishment. When he does something wrong and is punished, he understands. Not so the mule.

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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd...



John Green, Texas A&M's crunching head-and-shoulder half-back on just about everyone's All-America, calmly received news of selection for Heisman Trophy as nation's top player. "I'm afraid I'll wake up and find out it didn't really happen."



Gertrude Eleanor Wood, pretty 17-year-old Pasadena City College freshman with pleasing combination of brains and beauty, has good reason to flash winning smile after being picked to reign as Queen of Tournament of Roses.

FOOTBALL

Cleveland Browns, losing to Detroit 28-7, headed into NFL Eastern Division title after Pittsburgh upset New York Giants 21-16, but legless rump was recognized in San Francisco, where 49ers' quarterback John Brodie tossed 14-yard scoring pass to Hugh McElhenny, with 48 seconds to go, to tie rival Oakland Raiders 17-13 and thrust Western Division standings into chaos—see us for last on page 21. Other results: Los Angeles 32, Iowa 16; St. Chicago 16, St. 10; Chicago 6, Washington 42; Philadelphia 7.

Navy Homer Gandy finished as it was begun and outscored SMU 74-21 at Dallas but couldn't step into retired Mustang Sophomore Rex Manford's foot in playing school of 15 games for one national victory record of 196. At Miami, number one among sophomores, Miami's Little Frank Grier pitched out his last season on 25-14 victory after downscoring Pitt.

All-America winners, pulled up with somewhat football non-events, engaged in annual team-dropping free-for-all, arranged to agree tournaments on Texas A&M's Redbird Jake Crew and Auburn's Kid Jimmy Phillips. Then with consensus of top seven (over AP, U.P. En, NEA, SMP, and Football Writers Association), Football Coaches Association, Phillips and Crew's Dick Wolford, under Iowa's Alvin Karpus and Kentucky's Lou Michalek, tackled Ohio State's Bill Kirots and other brags. As a result, there are, amidst Michigan State's Dan Ferris, center from, Michigan State's Bill Kirots, line's King Hill, NFL's some (one of Chicago's Andy's Red Bird, some, back.

Frank Brodie, can't cover young 36, month who learned his trade at Iowa's George Tech's Bobby Dadd, became latest contract-jumper, leaving Missouri's offensive season on (this is) outcast, to married Jack Morris II, who moved to Kansas, at Arkansas. The last, five-year contract at \$1,000 per year. Meanwhile jumper Paul Star Bryant, who has been making vast (this is) of coaching career, from Texas A&M to Alabama.

BOXING

Paulsen Free, Age 24, was a little world title fight champion, spent time two months trying to get it. He left a Young Master's painting worth \$15,000, last.

focus on the deed...



THRONO CRASHER Jay looks looking any better at a start, looks worry in corner of Lightweight Champion Joe Brown at end of 19th in Chicago. Brown won by TKO in 11th.

By next year crashing in to get to win it. Kit is third in line, 20,000 in the one alone. Crashed, Tony. "I'm happy. Thanks to the Lord and the Holy Virgin. I would not want to tell." Manned Morris. "He hit me as the third." a true champion.

Isaac Kasari, Cuban with right hand, N.Y. 194, hit up some with average hit, sold left back to close 42 round decision over Elmer Ortega in elimination for vacant world crown at Cleveland.

Mohammed Ali, Ali, his conviction in fighting things, moved by Detroit State of Appeals, was back in circulation again after Supreme Court Judge Herbert A. Walker dismissed case in the opinion of justice, and California State Athletic Commission granting granted him license.

AUTO RACING

DeSoto's Shirley Moss, based in Kansas, independent 1-1000 who Ruth Lacy, credited his Auto Master, turned up by winning 100-mile Nasser Memorial, did some expert (this is) bumping in mid-air. (this is) 196, in 3-1/2 hours, for his second victory in 25th Annual Trophy race. Moss's average speed: 104.440 mph.

HORSE RACING

Heller alone was selling out all over world's. The weight of money, 10, 10, 10, and 10, 10, 10.

Year-end winner in turned up fast (this is) 2,719,291 from 1961, \$1,048,912, 1961 through 1960 (this is) 1960, giving 21 states whopping \$44,000,775 in tax revenue.

John W. Galbreath, millionaire, owner of land's 1961 Pittsburgh Pirates and master of Daily Dan Farms, who only last year purchased half interest in Shreve for estimated \$1 million, listed also another stable was, educated game about \$20,000 in his efforts for other ball.

Klawns, in turn, pulled out \$2,000 to good friend Alvin Khan for 24 years at Newmarket, England sales, who is 519 head brought in \$5,116, 110.

BASEBALL

George White Sox and Cincinnati Redlegs, eager to head up to next season, won shot which showed at home long meetings on page 1, in Colorado Springs. White Sox dealt off Dumbold's Larry Doyle.



BASKET CRASHER Bill Russell of Boston Celtics provides a rare sight as he stretches back-foot South frame in graceful arc on the way to score in 11:19. 97 won over St. Louis.



Richard S. Nye, rudely-faced Green with, Conn., hooker-jarheadman who slipped last 53½-foot jaw. Casual to victory in Newport-to-Santander, Fastnet Rock races, last week became first foreigner to be awarded Sweden's Helmsman Medal, in New York.

and Pitcher Jack Harrison to Baltimore for Infielder Billy Goodman, Pitcher Ray Moore and Outfielder Tito Francona, last selling out in Cleveland's clubless Frank Lane, who gave them Pitcher Early Wynn and Outfielder Al Smith for Outfielder Minnie Miñoso and Infielder Fred Harfield. Dodgers, long on power but short on pitching, tried to remedy situation, trading Outfielders Joe Taylor and Curtis Flood to St. Louis for Pitchers Willard Schmidt, Marty Kutnyk and Ted Wiliard and Outfielder Wally Post to Phillies for Pitcher Harvey Haddix. Milwaukee also got into act, grabbing Pitchers Bob Rush and Don Katzner, Outfielder Ed Hama from Chicago Cubs in exchange for Pitcher Taylor Phillips and Catcher Sam Taylor.

BASKETBALL

North Carolina, Kentucky and Kansas showed they would be hard to beat as college men got under way. North Carolina, unbeaten last year, coasted past Tennessee 78-55 for third straight. Kentucky won three big ones over Duke 78-74, Ohio State 81-64, Temple 83-68. With Chamberlain, his hooker-stuffing senior (that's over), led Kansas to victories over Oklahoma State 83-56, Kansas 68-66, North Carolina 71-63.

Bozeman, Collier, perked up by return of Bob Casey, became plodder again, running off four straight, set before its all but last home from rest of Eastern Division. New York also got idea, won four in row to tighten up battle for second. St. Louis found prosperity hard to take in West, dropped three straight as led over Cincinnati about to single game.

HOCKEY

Montreal, with Dickie Moore supplying NHL's hottest work, rolled neatly along, stretched lead over faltering New York to seven points as Boston came up to seriously challenge. Rangers lost second game. Toronto was fourth with Detroit and Chicago tied for last.

TENNIS

U.S. Darts Cuppers swept past Philippines 5-0 at Adelaide, made ready to face Belgium in tomorrow final as Brisbane. Vic Seixas and Herb Flam, stroking evenly and purposefully, polished off Felimonas Arpon and Reynaldo Deyna in straight sets in singles. Seixas teamed up with Outfielder Gardner Mulloy, set before to crash same pair in doubles.

continued



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NET CRASHERS Vic Seixas (left) and Gardner Mulloy, who represent total of 78 years, put their best feet forward in a tense moment of Davis Cup match against the Philippines.

COMING EVENTS

DEC. 13-DEC. 22

■ TV ★ COLORED TV ● SATURDAY & SUNDAY

All times E.S.T., except where shown in bold

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13

Basketball

(Leading college games and tournaments)
Birmingham Classic: Texas Christian-Miami (11a)
Memphis State-Auburn at Birmingham (12a)
Dec 14) Cincinnati-Iowa State at Springfield 3-4
Juniata (Ohio)-Marshall-Cincinnati at Cincinnati
Cairo Dec 14) West Brom-Pittsburgh-Rochester (Ohio)
Georgetown-Washington-Duquesne at Pittsburgh (Ohio)
Dec 14)

Boxing

● Fresh World's International Match Game Championships
Chicago 10 p.m. (NBC)

Club Show

Atlantic City Club Show New York (Also Dec 14)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Bucknell vs. Temple Louisville Pa
Clemson vs. Houston Buffalo
Cincinnati vs. Louisville Detroit
Kansas State vs. Iowa Manhattan Kans
Michigan State vs. Colorado East Lansing Mich
Missouri vs. Indiana Columbia Mo
New vs. Penn State Altoona Pa
North Carolina vs. South Carolina Chapel Hill N.C.
● Ohio State vs. Texas A&M Columbus Ohio (Midwest Regional Sports Network Inc.)
● St. Louis vs. Kentucky St. Louis
Tulsa vs. Holy Cross New Haven Conn
(Offensive only)
● New York vs. St. Louis 2 p.m. (NBC)
Philadelphia at Boston
Syndicate vs. Cincinnati at Rochester

Boxing

Intercollegiate Ragtime Invitation Class: Buffalo Calif
(Also Dec 13)

Dog Show

Metropolitan Club of Philadelphia Show Philadelphia

Golf

● All Star Golf: Gene Lerner vs. Arnold Palmer Phoenix, Ariz 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

Hockey

Boston at Montreal
Chicago at Toronto
● New York at Detroit 4 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing

Golden Gate Handicap \$25,000 3-year-olds & up 1 1/4 m.
Golden Gate Fields, Calif.
The Preakness Cup \$25,000 3-year-olds & up 2 1/4 m. Pimlico, Md.
● Bayou Handicap \$10,000 3-year-olds & up 6 furlongs, Fair Grounds, New Orleans 5:40 p.m. (NBC)

Swimming

Collegiate
Harvard vs. Army Cambridge Mass.
New vs. Columbia Annapolis Md.
Penn vs. Yale Philadelphia

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

Basketball

(Professional)
Cincinnati at Syracuse
New York at Detroit
Philadelphia at Minneapolis

Dog Show

Worcester County Kennel Club Show Worcester Mass

Football

(Bowl game)
Bulldog Air Force vs. San Diego Marine, Shamp Bowl, California Teane
(Professional)
● Baltimore at Los Angeles (CBS)
● Cleveland at New York (CBS, Sports Network Inc.)
● Detroit at Chicago Bears (CBS)
● Green Bay at San Francisco
● Pittsburgh at Washington (CBS)

Shooting

Amateur Trapshooting Club Shoot Merrick, New York
Seattle Gun Club Shoot Seattle

Tennis

Frank USLA Hard Court Championships La Jolla Calif

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16

Basketball

(Leading college games)
San Francisco vs. Southern California San Francisco
Wichita vs. Iowa Wichita Kans

Boxing

● Tony DeCola vs. Danny Rocco WITHDRAWN! 30 abs
St. Nick's New York 10 p.m. (DeMott)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Southern California vs. Santa Clara San Francisco
Temple vs. Texas A&M Philadelphia
(Professional)
St. Louis vs. Detroit at New York
Syracuse at New York

Boxing

Billy Stapleton vs. Larry Sales lightweight 10 rds
Richmond Calif

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Colorado City vs. Wyoming Oklahoma City Okla
Wichita vs. UCLA Wichita Kans
(Professional)
Philadelphia at Minneapolis

Boxing

● Orlando Postage vs. Clarence Menapet light heavy
wt (60) 10 rds Chicago 10 p.m. (ABC)

Hockey

Montreal at New York

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19

Basketball

(Leading college games and tournaments)
Carnegie Rostery Clemson Alabama Bucknell Davidson
Louisiana Tech Tennessee Lafayette Louisiana
State at Charlotte N.C. (Through Dec 20)
Seton Hall vs. Western Kentucky Mod Sq Garden New York
Southern Methodist vs. Auburn Dallas

Hockey

New York at Boston
Toronto at Detroit

Tennis

Southern California Junior Boys & Girls Mid Western Tournament Santa Barbara Calif (Through Dec 21)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20

Basketball

(Leading college games and tournaments)
Kentucky State Univ. Louisville Seattle San Francisco
Army at Louisville (Also Dec 21)
Kentucky Invitational North Carolina Wake Forest
Virginia Kentucky at Lexington Ky (Also Dec 21)
Kansas State vs. California Kansas at Washington Law-
rence Kans
Bradley vs. UCLA Peoria Ill

Boxing

● Jimmy Achon vs. Gale Brown welterweights 10 rds
● Mod Sq Garden New York 10 p.m. (NBC)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Iowa at Oregon State Iowa City Iowa (Midwest Regional Sports Network Inc.)
Kansas vs. California Kansas State vs. Washington, Wash-
ington Kans
(Professional)
Cincinnati at Detroit
● Minneapolis at Boston 2 p.m. (NBC)
St. Louis vs. Syracuse at Detroit

Football

(Bowl game)
● Houston Bowl schedule at Pittsburgh State (Also) St.
Petersburg Fla 1:30 p.m. (CBS)

Golf

● All Star Golf: Gene Sarazen vs. winner of Dec 14 match,
Phoenix Ariz 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

Hockey

Boston at Toronto
Detroit at Chicago 4 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing

Fairfax Handicap \$10,000 3-year-olds, 5 1/2 furlongs Fair
Grounds New Orleans

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22

Basketball

(Professional)
Boston at Cincinnati
Detroit at Syracuse
Minneapolis at St. Louis
Philadelphia at New York

Football

● Pittsburgh at Chicago (Also) 2 p.m. (CBS)

Hockey

Chicago at Detroit
Montreal at Boston

Detroit at New York

● San Jose (Also)

remember: "Go Formal New Year's Eve!"

it's his world

After Six



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Write for free Dress Chart and Booklet by Bert Buchhorn, authority on men's fashions.

AFTER SIX FORMALS • PHILA. 3, PA.

SNOW PATROL

SPOT TO SKI: BIG MOUNTAIN

More and more Midwesterners in search of an inexpensive family winter vacation have been turning each year to Big Mountain outside Whitefish, Mont. A medium-size area with a reputation for spontaneous hospitality, Big Mountain offers uncrowded skiing and a relaxed atmosphere for kids and grownups alike. The electric Constan T bar easily handles the crowd, even on weekends, and takes skiers 3,600 feet to the top of the main spur in just time. Widest of the network of trails leading down to the base is the open-slope Hell Roaring run for intermediates. Experts can take six Sno-Cat rides a day up to Big Mountain summit to run the two miles of ingenious problems on the Toni Matt or take the speedy skis of the three-mile Langley Run. The ski school is informal and classes are held in small groups. Dope Slope is an ideal beginners' hill, with just enough snow to keep classes moving. After-ski life at the Big Mountain Chalet consists mainly of a late afternoon drink at the bar, a family-style dinner and then singing and other homemade entertainment in the game room. The thirteenth ski week in the Northwest is the Chalet's \$88 package that takes care of lift tickets, food and lodging for a week. The nearby Big Mountain Lodge has dormitory rooms, and there are plenty of motels in nearby Whitefish. The Great Northern Railway runs from Chicago in 28 hours, costs \$77.45 for each round trip. Northwest Orient Airlines flies there and back for \$168.



EXPERTS CLIMB DEEP POWDER ON BIG MOUNTAIN'S LONG RUNS

SKIING ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Be sure to check resorts for latest condition changes

IF *Index of snow on upper significant trails. LO* *lower slopes on most slopes and trails. CR* *closed but Skinning. SN* *index of snowfall week*

● WEST

Big Mountain, Mont. All trails and slopes had fine snow last week. Best skiing on new Hell Roaring run. Many skiers wearing tie-dye T-shirts, scratch pants and racing gloves with heavy knuckle padding. Big Mountain Chalet banked through holidays, but reservations available on Whitefish slopes. **IF** 48, **LO** 24, **SN** 12, **CR** 00.

Arapahoe Basin, Colo. Part in good last week. More than a thousand skiers learning rudiments of Willy Schaffke short-stopping system one page per week weekend in the Roly Mountain Area free ski school. **IF** 35, **LO** 10, **SN** 12, **CR** 00.

Alta, Utah. Still early snow cover in years. Area below filled solid through New Year's, and most getting scarce for later weekends, but plenty of snow still available in Salt Lake City. **IF** 50, **LO** 10, **SN** 12.

Brighton, Utah. All trails open. Skiing excellent. Slopes crowded Saturday with pupils signed up for free lessons by 10. Doreen Area instructors. Dancing three nights a week in area's recreation house. Nearest town reservations at Salt Lake. **IF** 45, **LO** 36, **SN** 8, **CR** 3000.

Snow Basin, Utah. All runs excellent last week except Wildcat. Good for lack of snow. Skiers favoring long changes with safety from trees. **IF** 32, **LO** 22, **SN** 10.

Sun Valley, Idaho. Opens for skiing Dec. 20. More than 100 ski coaches at clinic starting Dec. 15. **IF** 55, **LO** 12.

Aspen, Colo. Excellent. Bell double chair working new Copper Trail opened Dec. 7. Near-ski accommodations from Dec. 29 till New Year's at Glenwood Springs. **IF** 62, **LO** 18, **SN** 12.

Taht, N. Mex. Fine powder skiing last week.

Tremans have all but filled Honda Lodge at area. **IF** 60, **LO** 32, **SN** 15.

Other Spots, Loveland, Colo. **IF** 15, **LO** 11, **CR** 00. Silverdust Springs, Colo. Poor to fair last week. Clinics. **IF** 7, Copper Hill, Colo. Fair. **IF** 16, Grand Mesa, Colo. Excellent. **IF** 46, **LO** 25. Silver Lake, Colo. Fair. Weekends only. **IF** 18.

● FAR WEST

McLean, Wash. Skiing fair last week on wet heavy snow. Only Austin flow two open. Other two will start this week. **IF** 10, **LO** 30, **SN** 5.

Snoqualmie, Wash. Damp drizzle on opening day last week. Two thousand six school students will be at area this year, arriving in fleet of buses. Bluff Farm school opens Dec. 15, others by Jan. 1. **IF** 24, **LO** 16, **SN** 16.

McRae, Wash. Some rock still showing last week at Canyon Pass. Beginner and intermediate runs operating. **LO** 15, **CR** 200, at Paradise. **LO** 00, **CR** 000.

McNee, Ore. At Timberline yet snow last week, skiing fair some runs showing. Timberline Lodge operating daily after Dec. 15, some runs still available for Dec. 20-26 and after Jan. 1. **IF** 10, **LO** 35, **SN** 12. No skiing at Government Camp last weekend.

Squaw Valley, Calif. Only skiing was on icy slopes in Third and Fourth bowls.

Heavenly Valley, Calif. Skiing at top zone last night. Silver Lake 8 and Silverdust ski school still waiting for snow.

McRae Summit, Calif. Two rope runs operating last weekend.

Big Bear Lake, Calif. Skiing fair. Family lift took 8.5 hours last all day for 410, 34 skiers. **IF** 10, **LO** 12, **SN** 10.

Manzanita, Calif. Skiing going into seventh week, conditions excellent. Reservations available. **IF** 50, **SN** 16.

Other Spots, Mt. Tamalpais, Calif. Fair cover, scheduled to open Dec. 15. **IF** 28, **LO** 30, **SN** 10.

Alta. Skiing on practice slope only. Mt. Baldy, Calif. Skiing poor. Some skiing on Emile's Run. **IF** 00.

● MIDWEST

Telluride, Wyo. Skiing fair. Holiday reservations filling fast. Strong emphasis on Weekend snowmaking programs at Telluride. **IF** 10, **LO** 10, **CR** 125.

Shutler Valley, Wyo. More snow needed. **IF** 10, **LO** 10, **CR** 110.

Bryce, Mo. Mich. Skiing good on machine-made snow. Snow double chair operating. **IF** 21, **LO** 25.

Brule, Mo. Mich. Skiing good on all slopes last weekend. Fun in drawing big crowd for after-ski bar. Italian meals and dancing. **IF** 5, **LO** 6, **CR** 225.

● EAST

Snow Ridge, N.Y. Rain last weekend cut into skiing, but Fun lift expected to operate daily.

Stowe, Vt. Fun skiing on Tell Road only. Single chair run last weekend is now scheduled to run weekdays as well. Newly cut Stragglers Trail on Spruce Peak may become best intermediate run on mountain. State has resealed mount on road with several washed equipment put on Harts Hill.

St. Snow, Vt. No skiing last weekend. Largest double chair run ready. New 3,000-foot trail on North Slope will give the mountain a tough expert run.

Concord, N.H. No skiing last weekend. New bus service will open slopes after Boston closed its schools again Sunday.

Bethany, N.H. Poor skiing last week, none last weekend. New power unit on T bar will double capacity.

Wildcat, N.H. Inefficient cover, Gondola cars run for 10-15, seven feet wide, arrived for installation on 6.5 lift scheduled to operate Jan. 15.

St. Graylock, Mass. For those willing to carry, Ski on Rockwell had offered three miles of Fun running last weekend.

Other Spots, Lake Umbagog, Que. Rain last weekend, snow forecast. **IF** 22, **LO** 7. Mt. Tremblant, Que. Snow cover starting to come in last weekend. Reservations going right. Montserrat, N.H. Will have artificial snow next weekend if temperatures stay below freezing. Black Mt. N.H. Skiing poor, expect to have artificial snow cover this weekend. **IF** 1.

FROM THE FLYWAYS

S—snow **R**—rain **F**—frost/fog **T**—temperature
SE—early flight **TF**—fair flight **GF**—good flight
EF—early flight **GDW**—good dark weather **SC**—
 season close for ducks **BW**—blow/dark weather **FG**—
 poor flying **FG**—fair flying **GG**—good gundling
EG—early gundling **OP**—outlook poor **OP**—out-
 look fair **OG**—outlook good **OVG**—outlook very good
NO—noon open (or open)

MARSHMISTERS: FF of **kicks** and **hoppers** have winged into Cape Cod area, with **GG** reported from Nauset and Barnstable marshes; **OG** until Sat. Jan. 3.

FLORIDA: Windy weather pushing **GF** of **mallards**, **platinos**, **bluebills** and **teal** into Lake Okechobee; **OG**.

KANSAS: **OVG** as **Kansas** enjoys banner season. Duck pondline erected when heavy rains and snow created marshes and pot holes in maize fields and prevented farmers from harvesting grain. **EG** in progress at Lake McKimsey, Cedar Bluffs Reservoir and Cheyenne Bottoms National Wildlife Refuge in Barton County with hunters scoring many limits.

NEW MEXICO: **Hunker** season at peak with **EG** at Canyon Overlook near Tucuman and at head of Elephant Butte Lake near Truth or Consequences. Ducks leaving northeastern state because of **F**, but much open water elsewhere, such as middle Rio Grande region where **GF** of **mallards** reported from Socorro south to Elephant Butte. Birds concentrated in Bosque Del Apache National Wildlife Refuge, but **GDW** is scattering them into adjacent gundling areas; **OG** and improving.

CALIFORNIA: First **GF** of **hunkers** under way in northern Inyo and Mono counties, with at least 2,000 birds on Bridgport and Topaz lakes. Some **snaw** game moving into Salton Sea. **GDW**, however, has produced season's fastest gundling in Imperial Valley and on Colorado River. **Pintails** and **widgeon** are mixed with **EG** of **mallerds**. First of many fine spots in Lost Lake area above Blythe; **OVG**.



PROUD Jan Oneto, 12, bagged his first grouse (above) in North Carolina, claimed it only after a harrowing collision with some very odd "sportsmen" (see page 22).

OREGON: **GDW** in western state has stirred **GF** of **mallerds**, **teal**, **widgeon** and **platinos** at Willamette Valley. Heavy rains flooding fields and **EG** available. Willamette River in Corvallis area favored for ducks. **Refracted** area for grouse; **OG**. Klamath Falls **OP** for reason which adds classic to sportsman's sweet-rich ails: supply. Infestation of industrious field mice has broken out in Klamath Falls area. Mice are decimating grain and vegetation on which ducks and geese also feed. Ducks and geese have departed for muskrat territory.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season open **SC**—season close **C**—close water
D—water depth, only **N**—water normal height **SH**—
 slightly high **H**—high **TH**—very high **M**—water mod-
 erately low **W**—water **WTB**—water 20' **FG**—fishing
 poor **FG**—fishing very good **FF**—fishing fair **FP**—
 fishing poor **OG**—outlook good **OVG**—outlook very
 good **OP**—outlook fair **OP**—outlook poor

Pompano: LOUISIANA: Charles Sebastian and other charter boat skippers out of Grande Isle report unusually heavy pompano run around offshore oil rigs. Catches of this fine sport and table fish averaging from 1½ to 4 pounds, with anglers towing Super Dade lure or shrimp on light spinning tackle. Fish are in shadow of oil rigs at depth of 30 feet; **FGV** **OVG**.

Black Bass: TENNESSEE: Winter **FFG** especially at Carter Hill and Dale Hollow lakes. Bass running to 7 pounds and **OG**.

Steelhead: WASHINGTON: Season off to alternate rotten start as predicted. Chinook (waste) wind needed to build up head of water in all rivers west of Cascades. Opening-day catch in usually top-ranked Skagit River was one fish taken from Tarbell Hole. **OG**, however, as consensus holds that steelhead will be in view at

water conditions right. East of Cascades **FG** with streams C. Shallow riffles of Entiat, Methow and Wenatchee rivers productive. Grande Ronde, Snake and Clewwater rivers also rewarding and **OVG** as latest catch of steelhead moving upstream over Bonneville Dam stands at healthy 145,000 and best of winter run is yet to come.

Blue Marlin: PUERTO RICO: **OG** now as winds have moderated and boats report increased number of fish caught. Outstanding recent catch was 357½-pound trophy taken on 30-pound test line by Mrs. Aida McLeod after 1½-hour battle off Boca de Cangrejos. Mrs. McLeod's marlin broke Puerto Rican women's record by 6½ pounds. Previous titleholder was 294-pounder thrived less than two months ago by Mrs. Miguel Ferrer, wife of architect of San Juan's famous Caribe Hilton Hotel. Puerto Rico marlin **OG** during lulls between stiff winter trade winds.

Pacific Salmon: BRITISH COLUMBIA: **FG** in fine weather and **OG**. English Bay showing winter springs to 10 pounds. Moseters scoring at Horseshoe Bay and Fisherman's Cove to 15 pounds. Barklands the lure to take young silvers near surface in Saanich Inlet. Fifteen-pound springs there too, but deep.



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SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
DECEMBER 10, 1967

THREE FOR



THE MONEY



In pro football's most thrilling finish, Detroit, Baltimore and San Francisco were all tied up for the right to meet Cleveland in the playoff

by **TEX MAULE**

A PROFESSIONAL football game in San Francisco last Sunday produced the biggest exodus the city has known since the earthquake of 1906. Some 15,000 fans, unable to get seats for the 49er-Baltimore Colt game, poured out of the city headed for Reno, Lake Tahoe—anywhere over the boundaries of the 150-mile TV blackout. They were wiser than the fans who elected to fight for the 4,800 general admission seats which went on sale Sunday morning. This obstreperous crowd battled furiously to get to the ticket windows. The ticket booth rocked back and forth, once came down on the foot of a fan at the ticket window, bruising his toes. He was treated at a hospital but limped off rapidly, headed back to Kezar Stadium and the football game.

In Detroit on the same afternoon, the 55,815 people who jammed Briggs Stadium roared continuously through most of the second half of the Detroit-Cleveland game.

When the shouting and tumult had died down Sunday night, three teams were tied for first place in the riotous race for the National Football League's Western Division crown. Baltimore, which had been alone in first place, lost to San Francisco in the last 46 seconds, and Detroit, surviving the loss of Quarterback Bobby Layne, defeated Cleveland. The combination left San Francisco, Baltimore and Detroit tied at 7-4 in the West.

The winner of this three-way hassle for the Western championship will play the Cleveland Browns for the National Football League crown in the home stadium of the West champion, Cleveland, which has won 8, lost 2 and tied 1, became the East champion, regardless of how it fares against the New York Giants Sunday; the Giants attended to that by losing to Pittsburgh in ankle-deep mud last Saturday afternoon.

The pro football fans of Baltimore, Detroit and San Francisco suffered through a long Sunday afternoon of high tension and explosive action before the three-way tie was effected. First Detroit, playing a Cleveland team which looked lackadaisical at times, stumbled and stuttered to a 20-7 victory. Cleveland, playing one of its two games against a foe from the Western Division, appeared to be

continued

60,000 FANS exploded at this moment as 49ers' Hugh McElhenny eluded Colts' Davis to score winning TD with 46 seconds to go.

THREE FOR THE MONEY

continued

resting and licking its wounds in preparation for the championship game against the survivor of the dog fight in the West. Injured Tommy O'Connell, the surprising quarterback who has led the Brown comeback this season, sat on the bench in civvies. His No. 1 replacement, Milt Plum, was injured late in the game, and John Borton finished for the Browns. The Lions, needing this game for a chance at the West title, played viciously, especially after Bobby Layne, their leader and quarterback, went out with a broken ankle. Tobin Rote, who replaced Layne, responded nobly, but probably the principal credit for the Lion victory accrues to a blond, good-natured young man named Joe Schmidt. Schmidt, who plays middle linebacker for the Lions, may be the most competent practitioner of his diffi-

cult trade in professional football. Against the Browns, he spent most of the chill, gray afternoon dogging the steps of Jimmy Brown, the great Cleveland rookie fullback who went into this game leading the league in ground-gaining. Brown contributed little to the measly 69-yard Cleveland total on the ground; Schmidt saw to that. On one Cleveland sequence Schmidt, on successive plays, threw Borton for a six-yard loss on an attempted pass, hauled down another Brown after a short gain, dropped a third runner after two yards and, finally, with the Browns gambling from their own 26, knifed through a gap to spill Jim Brown so hard that the Cleveland rookie fumbled, setting up Detroit's final touchdown. Said Schmidt, sometime before this game was played: "This pro game always has been real rough, and the players aren't getting any more lenient. Every time I hit someone I try to do it just as hard as I can. In the heat of the excitement you can get mad, and everyone does."

The Lions were particularly riled when Layne, their line quarterback, was carried off the field on a stretcher. Don Colo, the giant Cleveland tackle, didn't help matters much. Dr. Richard A. Thompson, the Detroit team physician, told Layne as they left the field, "You're going to the hospital, Bobby." Said Colo, bending over Layne, "That's better than jail, Bobby boy." Layne only smiled.

Layne's accident was just that. Although no snow fell during the game, the field was soft from earlier snows and both teams wore mud cleats. Layne, going down under a pile of Cleveland tacklers, hung his cleats in the soft earth and broke the fibula and dislocated his ankle.

The loss of Layne, who is out for the season, makes Detroit's chances for a division title slim indeed. George Wilson, the Lion coach was noncommittal about the cost of Layne's absence: "I won't comment on that because it would put too much pressure on Rote."

Jim Doran, who plays offensive end for Detroit, looks ahead grimly to next Sunday's Bear game. "If there's one club the Lions really hate, it's the Bears," he said after the Cleveland victory.

San Francisco's victory Sunday could be credited, in large measure, to two old pros—Hugh McElhenny and Leo Nomellini. McElhenny, playing end since the injury to Clyde Conner deprived the 49ers of much-needed speed



DETROIT TRAGEDY was the loss of Quarterback Bobby Layne (above, being carried from field with broken ankle); Lions now must depend on Tobin Rote (below, shooting through Brown's line).



at the flank, caught key passes all afternoon. And he called for the pass which gave the 49ers the game in the last 46 seconds. Y. A. Tittle, the brilliant quarterback who started the game with a pulled muscle in his left leg, had maneuvered the 49ers down into scoring position with a 43-yard pass play to McElhenny when a sudden muscle spasm in the injured leg put him out of the game. In came John Brodie, who has seen very little action this season. ("No rookie ever went in to face more of a clutch," said Coach Frank Albert after the game.) Brodie tried one pass from the 14-yard line, which went astray. As the 49ers huddled, facing fourth down, knowing a tie was useless to them in their quest for their first division championship, McElhenny spoke up.

"Throw it to me, John," he said. "Davis is playing me too loose. I can get away."

So Brodie threw it to McElhenny, who had raced straight down at Colt Rookie Halfback Milt Davis and suddenly cut sharply to the sideline. The pass was good, McElhenny caught it and the 49ers won.

Nomellini's contribution was not quite so spectacular, but it was as valuable. The big tackle, elected defensive captain for the first time before the game, responded with a ponderous and violent display of gratitude. Once big Leo, who is a wrestler in the off season and who is playing his eighth year of professional football, thundered through Colt blockers to bat down an extra-point try and leave the 49ers in possession of a 7-6 lead. And again he brushed aside blockers to knock down a field goal attempt, then lumbered heavily after the ball until he plopped down on it at the 49er 41-yard line to stop a Colt threat.

Johnny to Lennie

Although they lost the game, the Colts often appeared the sounder team. Johnny Unitas, their remarkable quarterback, handled the team coolly, although he was under strong pressure from the 49er defensive line most of the afternoon. He worked carefully to set up the most spectacular touchdown of the game, an 82-yard scoring pass to Halfback Lennie Moore. Moore, flanked to the left most of the afternoon, was flanked to the right, wide, at the Colt 18-yard line. This left J. D. Smith, weakest of the 49er pass defenders, to handle the speedy Moore alone. Unitas dropped back, waited briefly while Moore outpaced Smith, then sailed the ball some 50 yards through the air, down to the 49er 40-yard line where Moore, now three yards behind Smith, took it in stride and hurried on for the touchdown.

All was not sweetness and light after the game. Weeb Ewbank, the Colt coach, took the defeat bitterly. Ewbank claimed that McElhenny pushed Davis in completing the touchdown pass which gave the 49ers the game. "R. C. Owens used to push the defenders to complete passes until the other clubs caught on," said Ewbank. "Now McElhenny has learned the trick."

Said McElhenny, in ambiguous rebuttal: "On the touchdown pass I didn't touch him and he didn't touch me."

The 49er team captain, Tackle Bob St. Clair, awarded the game ball to McElhenny. "Usually we like to give the ball to a defensive player," said St. Clair in his presentation speech. "But today Mac's the man."

"I'll split the ball with you," McElhenny hollered to Brodie. But Brodie declined. "I'm the luckiest son of a gun in the world, Mac," he said. "But that ball belongs to you. I'd like to put my name on it, though."

Frank Albert, the 49er coach, climbed on a bench to make another speech. "Fellows," he said, "don't forget we still have one more game." He didn't finish the speech.



BALTIMORE DEFENSE is typified by Gino Marchetti, giant end, who is clamping a ferocious headlock on the 49ers' Joe Perry.

"Two more, Coach!" someone yelled, and the team roared.

As the three western contenders approach their final regular season games, San Francisco is in the best position. Tittle, whose muscle spasm was only a temporary disability, will be ready to play, and the rest of the team is healthy. The 49ers play at home before their rabidly partisan fans, and their opposition is the weakest in the division, the Green Bay Packers. The Colts, also healthy, face the Los Angeles Rams in the Coliseum, a team which Sunday beat Green Bay 42-17. The Lions are in the least enviable position; with Layne out and the team coming off a bruising game with Cleveland, they must play the rough Chicago Bears in Chicago.

As the spectators filed out of Kezar Stadium Sunday evening, hundreds of them lined up at ticket booths to buy the few remaining tickets for next week's Green Bay game.

Doubtless other hundreds hurried to reserve hotel rooms in Reno and elsewhere beyond the TV blackout. (END)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

MR. O'MALLEY'S TROUBLES

MR. WALTER O'MALLEY (him and his big fat cigar, as they say in Brooklyn) thought on the evening of last September 24 that his troubles were over. His Dodgers had just played their final ball game in Ebbets Field (where they had earned a tidy profit for five years straight) and now nothing seemed to stand in the way of a wonderful new life in Los Angeles. Mr. O'Malley had found a magnificent 300-acre site in the heart of downtown L.A. that was known as Chavez Ravine and on it he proposed to build the baseball park of his dreams, a 50,000-seat stadium that would eventually bring in all the loose baseball money that was not being poured into pay television sets broadcasting the Dodger games.

Puffing away on his cigar, O'Malley explained to his press conference the details of his grand plan for California and Mr. O'Malley. He would trade the city of Los Angeles the ball park known as Wrigley Field for 260 acres of the ravine. He would pay, moreover, \$1,200,000 at the rate of \$60,000 a year for the remaining acres on which he proposed to build recreational facilities for young people. The 50,000-seat stadium would be placed on the 260-acre tract in the center of parking facilities that Mr. O'Malley promised would be the finest anywhere.

Even so, it wasn't long before a petition was making the rounds. Sponsors of the paper bluntly charged that Mr. O'Malley was giving himself too good a deal. Whereas, they said, he promised to build himself a 50,000-seat stadium, he did not say when. As a matter of fact, they went on, there was nothing to prevent him from building apartment houses, drilling oil wells or opening up a shopping center. O'Malley supporters were agghast at these insinuations. They retorted that no man in his right

mind, let alone Mr. O'Malley, would so brazenly attempt to humbug the nation's third-largest city.

The petition was signed by 80,000 persons. Enough of the signatures stood up under the city clerk's scrutiny to force a referendum on Mr. O'Malley's Chavez Ravine proposals. Since a special election would be too costly, the referendum will become part of the regularly scheduled election in June.

This means that Mr. O'Malley's dream of completing his stadium for the 1959 season is out. So what does he do now? In the face of a tremendous advance ticket sale, Wrigley Field is already inadequate. The Los Angeles Coliseum is a possibility, although not ideal for baseball. Worse than that (in Mr. O'Malley's view), the Coliseum commission would want 10% of the gross and all revenue from concessions and parking. No wonder that, following the major-minor league meetings at Colorado Springs, Mr. O'Malley hurried to California to inspect the Rose Bowl at Pasadena as a possible temporary home for the exiles from Brooklyn.

Sophisticated Los Angeles citizens are not alarmed by Mr. O'Malley's troubles. The petition? Nothing to it,

they say: in California a certain number of people could be found to sign a petition to outlaw orange juice. The Dodgers will play in Los Angeles, say the knowing ones, if they have to play in a tent on the side of Mount Wilson.

HARD WATER

TO THE lethal obstacle course called the U.S.A. which ducks must run in order to get from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, a new obstacle has been added: a portable plastic lake for attracting ducks. It was invented by



Harold Hahn, a photographer and veteran hunter of Kansas City, and it consists of several 6-foot-wide strips of blue polyethylene film covered over with a layer of transparent plastic.

The hunter chooses a site near a wheat or corn field, rolls his plastic strips out like welcome mats, and pegs them down side by side until he has covered some 2,000 square feet. Then he walks out upon the "water" and

THEY SAID IT...

- **JACK DEMPSEY**, in an interview with Sports Editor Al Warden of the *Ogden* (Utah) *Standard-Examiner*: "The athletic sport needs an overhauling, a cleanup, and the winner the better. Present-day TV fighters wouldn't have made good four-round preliminary boys a few years ago. The monopoly is one of the reasons..."
- **FRANK MCGUIRE**, North Carolina's basketball coach: "My team is like spunk. We're been up there awfully high. Like spunk, we're not to come down."
- **HARRY G. DAVIS**, executive secretary to Kentucky Governor Happy Chandler, explaining why the state hired the father of 6-foot 9-inch University of Kentucky freshman basketball player Ned Jennings as a highway investigator: "Mr. Jennings needed work. The university needed his son. It was a worthy case."
- **GEORGE M. TRAUTMAN**, president of the minor leagues, on the problem of reorganizing the minors: "I have sat with clubs and leagues for 12 years or so, alignment, and as a result nothing has been polliwoged."
- **FRANK RYAN**, Rice quarterback and nuclear physics major, after being told that he had been drafted by the L.A. Rams: "I considered it, but then decided against it. My professors advised me not to try to mix my education and pro football."

arranges his decoys, and conceals himself to wait. Seen from the air, the plastic glitters like water and appears to reflect the sky. If the wind ripples it, so much the better. The illusion lasts until ducks are well within range.

So far the plastic puddle is just an experiment, but it is already a successful one. Mr. Hahn thinks he can perfect a kit which would enable a hunter to make any stretch of dry pasture into a pond in 15 minutes flat.

NEWCOMBE'S WAY

DON NEWCOMBE, the pitcher sat one cold evening last week in his Newark, N.J. cocktail lounge, large and brooding in a leather sports jacket the color of white clover honey and a polka-dot tie. His jukebox played 100 songs relating love's old fevers.

"Let me tell you something, young fella," Newcombe said to his visitor. "I am going to fly or I am going to quit baseball. And I am not going to quit baseball. This year I really thought I would quit because I am a big man and a big eater and I have to work harder than any man in baseball. But I sat down in a chair one day and wrote my life story by telling it to myself and I knew, being also a grown man 32 years old next June, that I could not quit."

"The last time I flew was when the Brooklyn hall club forced me to go to Japan in 1956. They gave me sleeping pills, I drank whisky, but it didn't do any good. After that I swore on my little girl that I wouldn't ever go on another airplane."

"But then I got interested in hypnotism. I want to impress one thing on you, young fella. This is no farce. If children can be born and the mother feels no pain, hypnotism is not a joke, and if Don Newcombe can fly again, it is also not a joke. And \$25 a session is no joke. This hypnotist I am going to is not a quack."

"I have had three sessions with him—one a week for the last three weeks. Each session lasts an hour. The man says, 'Sit down and look into my right eye, Don.' Then he starts talking to me the way I am talking to you now. He is so nice, it's pitiful. He tells me I will not be afraid when I get on the plane and that the plane will not crash; that I will be able to fly again. We talk about how I am a Negro pitcher and people sometimes call me names and about how I get nervous so my palms are sweating before a game. It's all right to get nervous before a game but you shouldn't bring it in with you. We

talk about when people say I choke up and the time I was so pent up, I hit that man."

"My eyes are closed when he is talking to me but I am fully conscious. He says I am an excellent subject because I want so much to be one. I can hear the buses going by, the horns blowing, people passing in the street. I am not in his power. I can always get up and walk away. He cannot make me jump out the window."

"This man is doing me a favor, young fella, and I am doing me a favor. He does not need me. He lived before he met Don Newcombe and he will live after he met him."

"Also," Newcombe continued, "three times a day for five minutes I have a relaxation session with myself. I count from 5 to 1 over and over again. 5-4-3-2-1. 5-4-3-2-1. I get so relaxed, it's pitiful."

"If the weather clears next week, the hypnotist and myself are going in an

airplane. Where are we going? We are going to Chicago, Miami, Montreal; anywhere about three hours away. The hypnotist stakes his reputation that I will be able to fly again and I believe him. This man wears a big black hat and a big blue overcoat. He is a strapping man and he does not need Don Newcombe."

Newcombe looked up above his bar at the plaques he won in 1956 for being the Most Valuable Player and the best pitcher.

"I won 27 games once," he said, softly, as if it were a country he had been to all too briefly and to which he could not return.

FISH STORY

JACK PAAR, the National Broadcasting Company's gift to the nation's nonsense-loving insomniacs, likes to dislocate funny bones in the early

continued

'COLLEGIANS ARE GETTING SERIOUS'—News item



"Serious? How frivolous can you get? Just because the old prof had a helluva year in English Lit, they give him a new Caddy."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

morning with demonstrations of odd gimmicks and gadgets his staff finds for him.

Last week he trilled so many funny bones that he wrecked the calm of New York's very proper Abernethie & Fitch. What touched his viewers off was a lush mechanical fish which stalks after, catches and viciously devours a smaller mechanical fish. The little fish may then, like Jonah, be plucked from the innards of the larger and sent on its way, to be eaten again still another time.

This unorthodox item (Spanish-made Gabby The Whale, \$3) was stocked, surprisingly enough, by none other than Abernethie's consensative Fishing Department.

The morning after Paer's toray into the lighter side of angling, harried clerks normally accustomed to explaining the intricacies of Oris reels found themselves besieged by hundreds of mechanical-fish lovers. Men, women and children crowded onto the eighth floor in a traffic jam closely resembling Gimbel's Basement on bargain day. Above the din of voraciously crackling jaws as big fish gobbled up little fish all over the place, impatient voices kept shouting, "Show me the carnivorous fish!"

By noon the worst was over. Late-arriving executives and suburban housewives learned the sad news. Every fish, big and little, in Abernethie's had been sold. "But," a weary clerk assured the disappointed, "we've ordered 20,000 more and hope to meet the demand in a few days."

FRIEND IN NEED

MARYLAND Game Warden Leo Friend last week arrested Carlos Friend, who owns a farm near Friendsville, for illegally selling wild game. Not was that the end of this friendly business. Leo Friend, warden, hauled Carlos Friend, game seller, to Uncle Earl C. Friend, magistrate, who fined Friend's Friend \$1,750. That's all, friends.

CHICAGO LAMENT

A RECENT TYPICAL Sunday in Chicago produced the sports page headlines: Washington Redskins 14; Chicago Bears 3; Cleveland Browns 31; Chicago Cardinals 0; Toronto Maple Leafs 7; Chicago Black Hawks 2; St. Louis Falstaff howlers 24,801; Chi-

cago Reserves 24,941. A dark overline on a Monday morning sports page lamented: "No one can expect to win all the time. But wouldn't it be nice to win once in a while?"

The plain truth is that the bitter ashes of defeat no longer sting in Chicago. They have sifted down too long and too often. For a Chicago sports buff to exist in tranquility requires the charitable feeling toward broad-shouldered ball fumbles and idiot base runners that St. Francis of Assisi reserved for the poor, the sick and the luckless. There are many vagaries of sport to contemplate in Chicago, few to admire. As *Chicago Daily News* sports editor John P. Carmichael put it recently:

"Chicago hasn't won a professional football title since 1947. The Cubs haven't won a pennant since 1945. The Sox haven't come close to playing in a World Series since 1919 and the Black Hawks last won a Stanley Cup in 1938. This is a record of futility unmatched by any other city with a similar number of representations going for it."

Carmichael is right. Chicago now has more major league professional teams than any other city in the country, including New York (a greatness it had thrust upon it when the Giants and the Dodgers belatedly joined the gold rush to California). But with all the clubs it has to watch, Chicago seldom sees a worthwhile victory.

The Cubs romp in season at Wrigley Field, but they have not been real contenders for a decade. The aging White Sox try hard, as they have for each of the 38 years since they sold out the 1919 Series, but their highest pinnacle of success was the 1957 American

League second place. The ill-tempered Black Hawks, ice-hockey incompetents who have been rescued from deserved oblivion by television, have not wound up in the big time since that Stanley Cup of 1938. The best gauge of the Hawks' recent history is the fact that their programs omit all references to the past. The Cardinals last made a creditable mark in the football record books in 1947, when they led the Eastern Division. The Bears reached the same high mark in the Western Division in 1956, giving George Halas' crew the freshest locker room laurels to be found in Chicago. (New York won the playoff match by 47-7.) Even in boxing, the sports fan gets about as much nourishment as the runt pig at chow-time, thanks to television and the International Boxing Club's James Norris and Arthur Wirtz (owners of the Chicago Stadium and the Black Hawks). The boxer's fistie accomplishments seem to count less in Chicago than his relationship with the IBC; the fan who buys one of the Stadium's 12,500 "ring-side" seats might justly conclude that the fight is not to the swift but the favored, and anyway he can't see very well from his seat in the 47th row.

Chicago's pathetic results on the gridiron, diamond, ring and rink caused one sportswriter to cry: "Mention New York to a sports fan and what does he think of? The Yankees. Mention Milwaukee and he thinks of the Braves. But mention Chicago and what does a sports fan think of? What is there for him to think of?"

The answer, of course, if you leave out the fine horse racing at Arlington and Washington Parks, is: Not very much.

GOOSEMANSHIP IN CAROLINA

VIRGINIA KRAFT, who reports and writes on hunting and fishing in this magazine, tells of a harrowing and deplorable experience in North Carolina.

"Some children spend the whole year looking forward to Christmas. In our family there is a 12-year-old, my nephew, who looks forward to the waterfowl season. This year was particularly exciting for him. Having learned to handle a shotgun, and even to down a duck or two, he was ready for the ultimate waterfowl experience—a chance at Canada geese. And what more wonderful place could anyone choose than the fabled public hunting grounds at Lake Mattamuskeet, North Carolina?"

"With shotguns oiled, shells sorted,

next word



STUCK WITH IT

Why is he walking on all fours,
Just like a tail-less pup?
He touched his toes when he arose,
Then couldn't straighten up.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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combining delicate lightness,
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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

equipment piled high in our station wagon and a note of celebration in the air, our party of three headed south. As long strips of highway rolled away behind us, dark clouds gathered on the horizon ahead. Brisk winds whipped out of the southeast; a touch of frost hung on the air. The weather was going to be just right for geese.

"At nightfall we pulled into the town of New Holland, heart of Lake Mattamuskeet goose shooting. Sporty guides lounged in front of the general store, each equipped with an engraved business card listing his fees and the advantages of his particular hunting ground. In the darkened sky, black shapes winged overhead in an unending procession. The muted, mingled honking of thousands of geese was a maul we had never heard before. It had to be wonderful shooting here!

"Long before sunrise the next morning we were ready to meet our guide, one chosen from the group of worthy prospects at the general store. A crowd of other hunters was already with him. We decided our choice had been a good one. After paying him \$15 for the three of us, he suggested we follow him in our car to land he'd leased for the season. We found a number of cars already there when we arrived. The land, a strip running parallel to the Lake Mattamuskeet Wildlife Refuge, and in no place more than 100 yards from the refuge's borders, seemed ideal. A natural wall of young trees and bushes separated the hunting land from the sharp eyes of thousands of geese wintering within the sanctity of the refuge. Their jabbering and honking was almost deafening.

"With a group of other hunters, we followed our guide along the trees. About 500 yards in from the parked cars, he asked us to stop. Part of the group had already dropped off; the rest he took on down the line. Some minutes later he returned to tell us should we need anything he'd be back at the cars.

"Arranging ourselves shoulder to shoulder, we moved part way into the protective covering of bushes and waited. Presently, off to our right a small flock of geese got up from the lake and winged over the natural wall. We heard shooting and saw two geese drop in the distance. On our left, the same thing happened. Down the line now we could hear guns going off with regularity. Geese were moving out from the lake and into the fields to feed.

Soon it would be our turn. Breathlessly we waited for the moment when a flock would get up in front of us and whiz within shooting range. A soft rain had begun to fall. It only increased our expectancy. Any minute now. Then, right over our heads they came—five great, wing-flapping Canadas, honking plaintive, deep-throated messages.

"We each fired once. Three geese dropped into the bushes in front of us.

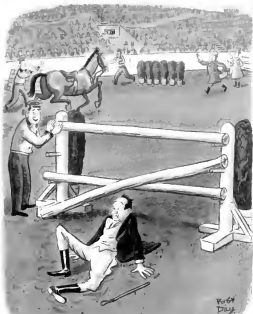
"From the right somebody shouted, and a man we'd never seen before raced up to us exclaiming: 'That's my goose; that's my goose in there.' A fat man in baggy overalls came panting up from the left. He didn't speak but charged into the bushes. Through the thicket directly in front of us two strange voices began a loud, unintelligible argument. Stunned, we watched as gunless strangers thrashed the bushes where our geese had fallen.

"Only my nephew recovered his senses with speed; then he too lept

into the bushes. Thorn-scratched and ragged at the edges, he emerged some 10 minutes later, a smile of victory on his face and a goose in his hand. 'That fat guy almost got it,' he panted, 'but I was faster and beat him to it.' Our score was one for three.

"Of course, we'd never been goose shooting at Lake Mattamuskeet before, so we didn't know that besides being able to shoot, it's also necessary to qualify in cross-country, water-splashing, twig-snapping and plain ornerness."

Thus ends the report from Virginia Kraft. We should like to add a footnote by way of emphasis: The fact that the public shooting at Lake Mattamuskeet is the kind of shooting that is available to the large group of outdoorsmen who cannot afford the luxury of a private or semiprivate club makes all the more deplorable the lack of management in places like Lake Mattamuskeet.



"Some days you have it, some days you don't."

BIG NEWS BY PHONE

Obviously delighted with the news himself, Cleveland Manager Bobby Bragan calls Outfielder Minnie Minoso to tell him that he and Infielder Fred Hatfield have been traded by the White Sox to Bragan's Indians for Early Wynn and Al Smith. It is also pleasant for the ebullient Bobby to be back in the big time after being fired as manager of the floundering Pirates in midseason this year, a happenstance he hopes to avoid next summer. This was the first deal for new Manager Bragan and new General Manager Frank Lane—two lively gentlemen who see in the lively Minoso just the man to stir up the somewhat dour Indians they inherited. In his prime at 34, Minoso may be the biggest catch of the trading season so far



RUPP, LEFT, AND ASSISTANT LANCASTER EXPRESS THEIR OPINION OF A REFEREE'S CALL

BIG WEEK

IN LEXINGTON, KY, they serve a dish called a Hot Brown—sliced turkey on toast covered with entirely too much melted cheese. It is a popular though poisonous-looking and mucilaginous affair. But the hottest brown of them all in Lexington—indeed, in all of Kentucky these days—is a bulky, jowly 56-year-old named Adolph Frederick Rupp, who has worn nothing but the color brown in suits, Sox, ties and shoes for all his adult life. He thinks it brings him luck, and though it may, luck has played little part in making him one of the best-known figures in a state where the horse is king—and where Rupp is just the basketball coach of the state university.

After 27 years at Kentucky, Rupp's record reads: won 561, lost 97—an incredible 85-plus percentage. His teams have won 17 Southeastern Conference championships, one NIT and three NCAA titles, 20 assorted other tournaments and first place in national polls four times in the last nine years. It is easily the most impressive record in the nation, and Rupp is an impressive figure as he tours the state's banquet circuit, regaling his audiences in an acquired Kentucky accent superim-



BIG WIN AT CARDS

Charles Goren, the world's foremost bridge expert and player (and bridge writer: see page 58) was a tired but happy competitor after his team won the national championship for teams of four at Los Angeles last week—latest in Goren's record string of bridge championships. The winners—Goren, Helen Sobel, Howard Schenken, William Root, Harold Ogust—were virtually left at the post in the early round of matches when a California group, which had previously won the men's title, got off to a commanding lead over the field of 66 expert entries. In the most sensational finish in the history of this event, Goren's New Yorkers drove to a half-match margin going into the final session and finished two matches in front, with 39 victories.

FOR THE MAN IN BROWN

posed on his native Kansas twang. "All I want out of life," he tells them, "is to get a bunch of boys together and whip somebody else." Year after year, he does just that—and with Kentucky boys almost exclusively. Year after year his players move up to the pro ranks, where, along with players trained by Duquesne's Duddy Moore and DePaul's Ray Meyer, they are far better prepared than most other collegians.

One reason for Rupp's success is the incontrovertible fact that he knows his business and can pass on what he knows to his players. The other is the fact that he considers basketball a business.

"I teach basketball here at Kentucky," he explained last week. "I teach it the way they teach chemistry or economics—no nonsense. I don't give a damn what anybody says about me or my methods—I'm not running a popularity contest. Look at my record. Who knows better than me how to coach basketball?"

Basketball practice at Kentucky is run along the lines of a drill session at the Marine boot camp on Parris Island. The indoctrination starts in a player's freshman year, when he is handled chiefly by Rupp's assistant, a burly,

rugged taskmaster named Harry Lancaster, who is easily as strict as Rupp and knows basketball as few assistants anywhere do. Freshmen learn what's expected of them—undivided attention, no gawling, no wisecracking, speak when spoken to. Visitors are barred at all practice sessions (says Rupp: "They don't allow visitors in chemistry class, now do they?"). A player whose attention wanders momentarily will be hawled out in colorful language before the whole squad and dismissed—for the day or week, perhaps for good. After every practice the squad is graded and the day's marks posted. Each crop of Kentucky players passes the word along to the next, with the result that discipline on the varsity is as automatic as it is among Parris Island graduates.

Last week, Rupp broke another of his rigid rules and allowed a visitor to have lunch with him and the squad the day of Kentucky's opening game with Duke. For 25 minutes, no player said a single word. Some ate and studied a thorough, nine-page scouting report on Duke that they'd gone over several times before; some just ate, expressionless. Rupp turned to his guest. "Now

isn't that wonderful?" he said proudly. "That's the way we do things. Those boys are concentrating on basketball, getting themselves ready for tonight."

It is impossible to go to Lexington without being impressed with Rupp's basketball achievements. And it is impossible to stay there any length of time and not be persuaded that he has taken a large measure of fun out of the game for his players.

His squad this year is a typical one—13 from Kentucky, one each from Georgia and Illinois. There is hardly a single outstanding talent, but Rupp has drilled and driven them to a level of efficiency few coaches could attain with better natural talent. They beat three excellent teams in their very first week of play—Duke, Ohio State, Temple—and will beat many more groups of young men who play college basketball simply as a sport, not as a job to be done for a stern and demanding boss.

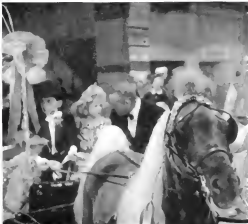
Rupp's methods get that job done. The proof is in the record books. If other methods of coaching basketball yield equally valuable results in areas other than the record books, Adolph Rupp is unaware of them.

—JEREMIAH TAX



EXHIBITORS Mr. and Mrs. John F. Curran look over some livestock from their own Hawthorn Meadows Farm.

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*



GAY PONY in the children's class of the horse show draws admiration of fashionable guest, Mrs. Leon Mandel, who as Carol Mandel holds a number.

DIAMONDS, MINKS AND LIVESTOCK

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALI HARRIS

Opening night of the International Livestock Exposition's horse show in Chicago's International Amphitheater was a champagne affair bubbling with elegance and knowledgeable talk about cattle and horses. The Woman's Board of the Chicago Boys' Clubs staged a benefit dinner party at the famous and fashionable Saddle and Sirlin Club,



BELGIAN DRAFT HORSES, a popular attraction at the livestock show, are inspected in their stalls by Mrs. Thomas Tyler and Mrs. Merrill Shepard (actress Brenda Forbes).

BOWLER-HATTED J. McWilliams Stone chats with Indian dancer from a big club.





of skeet-shooting titles in world competition. Talking to youthful drivers is Colonel Mandel.

where several hundred guests dined by candlelight on the neighboring stock-yard's prime beef. The diners, who included a handful of foreign ambassadors and an impressive list of business and industrial tycoons, strolled in and out of the dark-paneled Sirloin Club through a side door opening directly to the show ring to watch proceedings.



SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB'S game trophies loom over standing hosts William Wood Prince, president of Armour and Co., Charles S. Potter, Union Stock Yard president.



BRITISH Consul General Robert Whyte Mason, a noted English mystery writer, enjoys a joke with Mrs. Robert Rosmer Morse Jr. and with John V. Farwell III (foreground).

CANDLELIGHT frames the pretty, radiant face of blonde dinner guest La Dona Sunde.



DRAWING BY ROBERT RIDER



BOLD RULER, EDDIE ARCARO 'UP

HORSES of the YEAR

After a great season of notable performances the Thoroughbred honors should be equally shared by Bold Ruler, Gallant Man and Round Table

by WHITNEY TOWER

IT IS WELL to recognize a true champion at the close of the year. But toward the end of most sport seasons this custom tends to develop into a mania for selecting various athletes to fill a multitude of niches with confusing and grandiose titles. In the widespread field of Thoroughbred racing this obsession can occasionally look pretty foolish because, in seeking out one champion to carry the title of Horse of the Year, it often becomes second nature to lose some over-all perspective.

It is true that differences of opinion make racing the great sport that it is. It is equally true that when the opinions of most of us are long forgotten the 1957 racing records will always be available for further close scrutiny. And the 1957 racing season certainly deserves close scrutiny. The week of the Kentucky Derby last May these

pages hopefully published a headline which read: *A Year of Greatness*. Under it were photographs of five 3-year-olds: Calumet's Iron Liege and Gen. Duke, Wheatley Stable's Bold Ruler, Ralph Lowe's Gallant Man and Travis Kerr's Round Table. Now, eight months later, it becomes a pleasure to present different illustrations of Bold Ruler, Gallant Man and Round Table and to name the distinguished trio as Horses of the Year—on the grounds, pure and simple, that all three contributed so much to the quality of the season that it becomes foolish indeed to pick one as the best and leave the other two in the unfamiliar role of also-rans.

This has been, undeniably, a great 3-year-old year in

text continued on page 33

TURN PAGE FOR OIL PORTRAITS IN COLOR

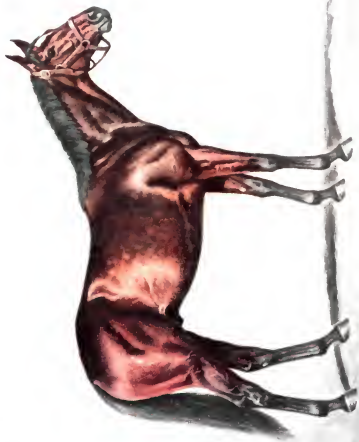


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"such a pleasant Scotch!"



Rolph Lowe's GALLANT MAN, by Mephisto-Majestic, by M. H. Arnold



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HORSES OF THE YEAR

continued

which the three colts being honored played the leading parts. That most of the pollsters picked Bold Ruler as the best is largely due to his overwhelming victory over Gallant Man and Round Table in the recent Trenton Handicap. It is unfortunate but true that late-season triumphs usually leave the more lasting impression. Thus Bold Ruler's Trenton win is remembered more clearly than, for example, The Belmont Stakes in which Gallant Man soundly trounced Bold Ruler in American record time. Similarly, when Dedicate, the hard-luck champion of the handicap division, whipped both Gallant Man and Bold Ruler in the Woodward it did much to erase the memory of this same Dedicate being beaten twice by Traffic Judge in the Metropolitan and Suburban handicaps.

There is every possibility that Bold Ruler may develop into a great horse next year. He has indicated it already. In speaking of him recently Eddie Arcaro said, "One of the things that makes a horse great is his will-to-run. I can think of few horses I've either seen or ridden that have more will-to-run than Bold Ruler. Furthermore, he may be the best weight-carryer we've had around in a long time. Most horses, when you put the weight on them, will slow down right away and you can notice the burden telling on them as they leave the gate. But Bold Ruler carries 136 pounds like it was 120 and always leaves the gate like a big cat."

Gallant Man, by contrast, has showed tendencies, particularly in his later races, to move only as fast as is necessary to nail his opposition. Round Table likes to run closer to the pace and will make it himself if he has to, strangling his contenders as they come to him and winning off by as much as he can.

All three colts have much on the credit side. There is probably not a horse alive who can match Bold Ruler at a mile at equal weights. At three-quarters of a mile he would get a terrific tussle (and possibly a beating) from Decathlon. At a mile and a quarter he is close to the other two and should improve at 4. Gallant Man is a natural distance runner and had not Bold Ruler finished out the year with four sensational victories it would be inconceivable that a colt who had won both The Belmont, over its classic distance of a mile and a half, and the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup (as Gallant Man did) would fail to be named an almost unanimous choice for Horse of the Year. So shocked, in fact, was Gallant Man's trainer, Johnny Nerud, when he heard that Bold Ruler had been named champion in one poll, that he publicly threatened never again to attempt training a horse to run at classic distances. He has every justification for his threat. Round Table deserves his share of the crown for one of the outstanding seasons of all time. He traveled far and wide, won 14 of 21 starts including one string of 11 straight, defeated older horses three times and—even if it seems likely that most of his opposition was inferior to that faced by Gallant Man and Bold Ruler—he earned more money (\$583,708) than any other horse in 1957.

When the three champions met in the Trenton it was obvious that Bold Ruler was at the very peak of his form and that the other two had noticeably tailed off. But from this corner, nonetheless, comes the conviction that over-all winning performance (such as demonstrated by Round Table) and superior performance in the traditional classics (such as demonstrated by Gallant Man) deserve equal recognition with a speed demon like Bold Ruler who can wow

fans, handicappers and opposition in an age which seems slowly but surely heading to even further disregard of the distance race as a true indicator of valuable horseflesh.

In 1957 there were many races which ultimately had little bearing on championships but which still reflect honor on the victorious. There is no way of knowing, for example, what sort of a runaway of titles Calumet Farm might have made had not Bardstown (the Widener winner) and Gen. Duke (the Florida Derby winner) met with injuries. Both distinguished themselves and will likely do so again. The same could apply to Iron Liege, the Derby winner, and likewise to Promised Land who finished the year as the most improved of all 3-year-olds with four straight stakes victories including one over Swoon's Son. Among the other older horses who deserve full marks for effort and performance are Traffic Judge, Corn Husker and Kingmaker along with Bardstown. The 3-year-old fillies were led by Bayou, Romanita, Pink Velvet and Outer Space, while Pucker Up, followed by Princess Turin, Bornastar and Dotted Line dominated the older fillies and mares. As far as turf racing went I'm inclined to give my vote to Manassas, who specialized on this sort of going and in the process won five in a row. But a pat on the flank should also go to Mahan, winner of the International, and Round Table, who won all three of his turf starts. In the field of steeple-chasing it was no contest, as Mrs. Ogden Phipps's Neji proved—by carrying 173 pounds and smothering his field in the Temple Gwathmey—that he may be one of the best jumpers ever developed in this country.

Incision about the 2-year-olds

If 1957 was a year of greatness in some divisions it was hardly so in the 2-year-old crop. Of all the country's juveniles only Mrs. Charles Ulrick Bay's filly Idun (a \$68,000 purchase as a yearling) really stands out. In fact she won all eight of her starts. She undoubtedly could have beaten most of the better colts, but because she never met them it seems slightly implausible to name her the best of all the 2-year-olds. That honor must go to Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's Jewel's Reward, who, in 12 races, won five, placed twice and was third once. Jewel's Reward, by the way, also picked up some \$349,642, which makes him the richest 2-year-old in the history of racing—although not necessarily the best. In some quarters there was a strong trend toward Claiborne Farm's Nadir, but I feel this reveals a tendency to pick not so much for achievement in 1957 as for what is expected of Nadir in 1958. It is conceivable that Nadir—or any of the other also-rans like Jester, L47 Fella, Misty Flight, Terra Firma, Old Pueblo, Fulcrum, Nala or Alhambra—could develop into a better 3-year-old than Jewel's Reward next spring. But on 1957's record it has got to be Jewel's Reward. The 2-year-old selection, as a matter of fact, is pretty much a repeat of what happened last year. Bold Ruler was the best 2-year-old, but most polls awarded the title to Barbizon because he won one stake, the Garden State. Nadir won the same stake this season—but Jewel's Reward won five of them.

Trying to guess what's on tap for the season ahead can be a precarious pastime. Last year, for example, Gallant Man, winner of only \$7,075, was completely unheralded when he put in his first Florida appearance. Next month, when some of the better 1957 2-year-olds start flexing their muscles at Hialeah, they'll find another crop of Gallant Mans and Round Tables waiting for them. They'll also find Calumet waiting patiently with four newcomers named Temple Hill, Tim Tam, Seventy-Six and something hot called Kentucky Pride.

END

DOOM around the CORNER

Alas, independent minor league baseball is dying on its feet

by ROY TERRELL



MAJOR LEAGUE DOMINATION: Cal Griffith, president of Washington Senators, tells Commissioner Frick he is about to draft a second baseman from Wichita.

COLORADO SPRINGS is hardly the setting for a wake. Snow-flecked mountains rise abruptly a few miles to the west and the fresh alpine air, sweeping down off the peaks and out across the high plains toward the Mississippi a thousand miles away, constantly refreshes the broad, clean streets of the city nestled below. The big resort hotels, with their swimming pools and riding stables and golf courses, hubbly with life.

So it was that the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, which staggered into town for its annual convention almost half-prepared to die, departed a week later somewhat less somber of mien and still kicking. Behind the rose-colored glasses, however, and the pursed lips which went whistling courageously off into the dark toward another minor league baseball season, the old boy didn't look so good at all.

The minors ("I don't like that word," says Leslie O'Connor, once assistant to Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and now president of the Pacific Coast League, "but I guess that's what we really are") have seldom been in so much trouble. With fans staying away by the millions, teams and even leagues are collapsing like flies (see charts on opposite page). Men and cities once considered bulwarks of the game have left, vowing never to return, and dissension splits the ranks of those who remain. Usually, when minor leaguers gather, they

find that in numbers there is strength, and the collective boost to morale is enough to sustain hope at least for a while. At Colorado Springs in 1957, however, there wasn't even much hope.

A veteran minor league club owner observed, "I've never seen so much pessimism in one place in all my life." He looked around at the chairs suspended a few inches above the lobby carpets in convention headquarters at the Antlers Hotel. "I've been around so long that I usually stay pretty relaxed. Figure things always turn out all right in the end. This year I'm not even trying to kid myself."

A lifetime of pain

It is not to be assumed that this is the first time the minor leagues have experienced pain. They have seldom experienced anything else. The Depression almost killed them off, and even into the late '30s there were sometimes as few as 26 minor leagues in operation throughout the entire country. But the present situation is more marked, by contrast if nothing else, since it stems from the one great boom minor league baseball has experienced, the joyous postwar years of 1947-50.

In 1949 there were 59 minor leagues with 442 teams, and they played before almost 40 million fans, a figure which does not even include the financially rewarding postseason playoffs. By 1956 only 28 leagues and 212 teams were able to finish the season, and attendance had fallen off to just a little

over 16 million. Even worse, most of the disintegration has hit the little fellows long considered the very foundation of minor league baseball. There are still as many Triple-A, Double-A and Class A leagues as ever (nine), but Class B had dropped from a high of 11 leagues to five, Class C from 16 to six and Class D from 25 to eight.

Baseball men talk constantly of realignment to save the minors, but realignment, brought on by attrition as much as anything else, goes on continuously and it has not saved anything yet. An example is the present effort aimed at reorganization of the Class B Big State League. President Hal Sayles has a list of some dozen cities and towns which have pledged themselves ready, willing and able to play ball in 1958, and from this group a league will be formed. The list includes Waco, Wichita Falls, Abilene, Victoria, Midland, Ballinger, Beaumont and Odessa in Texas, Lake Charles and possibly Alexandria and Crowley in Louisiana and Hobbs and Carlsbad in New Mexico. Derrest Williams, the Victoria president, says, "We will begin the season with eight teams and we're going to finish with eight teams." Perhaps they will, since for one reason or another these are the strong (more or less), and they have somehow survived. Yet this group is the residue of more than 50 cities which at one time or another during the late '40s and early '50s made up the Big State, Longhorn, Rio Grande

continued

ON THE SKIDS . . .

MINOR LEAGUE TOTALS

YEAR	ATTENDANCE	LEAGUES	TEAMS
1947	37,819,782	62	389
1948	36,693,808	58	438
1949	36,680,490	59	442
1950	32,947,734	57	432
1951	26,114,810	49	357
1952	23,860,140	43	319
1953	21,504,419	38	287
1954	18,773,078	33	248
1955	18,252,367	33	238
1956	16,444,329	28	212
DECADE	-57%	-45%	-45%

BASEBALL AND ITS COMPETITION

TYPE	1947	1956
HORSE RACING	26,704,862	22,124,373
TROTTING	4,168,950	18,532,123
MOVIES	4,500,000,000	2,500,000,000
DRIVE-INS (THEATERS)	296	4,500
TV (SETS)	50,000	52,000,000
MAJOR LEAGUES	19,874,529	16,643,750

CLASS AAA

YEAR	ATTENDANCE	LEAGUES	TEAMS
1947	9,496,832	3	24
1948	7,957,274	3	24
1949	8,074,000	3	24
1950	6,400,029	3	24
1951	5,228,587	3	24
1952*	8,090,595	3	24
1953*	4,840,302	3	24
1954*	4,655,708	3	24
1955*	4,932,152	3	24
1956*	4,965,611	3	24
DECADE	-42%	-	-

*Pacific Coast League Open Class

CLASS AA

YEAR	ATTENDANCE	LEAGUES	TEAMS
1947	4,528,525	2	16
1948	4,067,311	2	16
1949	3,965,500	2	16
1950	3,378,976	2	16
1951	2,879,882	2	16
1952	2,773,350	2	16
1953	2,520,353	2	16
1954	2,388,454	2	16
1955	3,117,280	3	22
1956	3,096,897	3	22
DECADE	-25%	+50%	+38%

CLASS A

YEAR	ATTENDANCE	LEAGUES	TEAMS
1947	2,705,158	3	22
1948	3,671,399	4	28
1949	3,926,529	4	28
1950	3,388,768	4	30
1951	2,829,984	4	30
1952	3,096,739	4	32
1953	2,969,363	4	34
1954	2,870,228	4	31
1955	1,747,541	3	27
1956	1,814,812	3	24
DECADE	-33%	-	+1%

CLASS B

YEAR	ATTENDANCE	LEAGUES	TEAMS
1947	8,352,529	9	68
1948	5,963,959	8	68
1949	7,313,140	11	90
1950	6,742,941	9	68
1951	4,990,746	9	68
1952	4,135,860	8	62
1953	3,191,215	7	51
1954	2,297,128	5	38
1955	2,941,224	7	45
1956	2,245,546	6	40
DECADE	-69%	-44%	-41%

CLASS C

YEAR	ATTENDANCE	LEAGUES	TEAMS
1947	8,669,305	15	106
1948	8,308,504	15	112
1949	7,624,688	14	108
1950	7,425,177	18	115
1951	5,764,559	12	91
1952	5,045,580	11	79
1953	4,267,819	10	72
1954	4,480,308	10	75
1955	3,206,872	8	58
1956	2,671,268	6	44
DECADE	-69%	-60%	-59%

CLASS D

YEAR	ATTENDANCE	LEAGUES	TEAMS
1947	8,071,578	20	180
1948	6,631,515	26	190
1949	6,786,945	26	188
1950	6,939,378	23	179
1951	4,477,772	18	128
1952	3,856,230	16	117
1953	3,061,337	12	90
1954	2,380,818	9	64
1955	2,337,198	9	64
1956	1,844,718	8	68
DECADE	-77%	-52%	-61%

MINOR LEAGUES

continued

Valley, Gulf Coast, Evangeline, West Texas-New Mexico, Arizona-Texas and Southwestern leagues. A few of the other teams have managed to move up to a higher classification, but the great majority have disappeared from baseball altogether. It is unlikely they will ever return.

The problem itself is simple enough: the minor leagues are dying because their two main sources of revenue, admission money and player sales, are drying up fast. Television, the superhighway, Little Leagues and big leagues, outboard motors and hi-fi sets, poor promotion, too many mosquitoes, rainy weather and the increased cost of living have all combined to keep the fans out of the parks. And the ballplayers which the minors once developed and sold for profit into big time don't even belong to them any more. About 80% of all the players in organized baseball, according to Atlanta President Earl Mann, are already owned by major league teams.

It is possible to do something about poor promotion, of course. The beer can be kept cold and splinters removed from the seats. Teams which have managed to exist have done so, in fact, through good businesslike methods. This facet of the operation is considered so important that one long meeting during the convention was devoted exclusively to promotional gimmicks ranging from extracurricular entertainment to giving away groceries or a bus.

Loosing fight all the way

Most minor leaguers do not delude themselves, of course, that a chicken in a fan's hand is going to save the game. But they cannot do much about the weather or the price index, and in the fight for the entertainment dollar they realize themselves to be hopelessly overmatched against Perry Como and Lasse. So they start out by fighting for better promotion and usually wind up fighting with the major leagues. They are overmatched here, too.

Today the minors and the majors are one big unhappy family. "We live in the same house," says NAPBL President George Trautman, looking a bit like a worried turtle over the top of his horn-rimmed glasses and bulbous nose, "but there is an unfortunate cleavage between us." Perhaps most unfortunate of all, while the minor leagues are fighting mad, the majors couldn't care less. The deck is stacked heavily in their favor. They are making money

and getting the players they want, and that is all that they ask.

The minors kick hardest about three things: major league franchise shifts which take over lucrative minor league territory (Milwaukee, Kansas City, Baltimore, Los Angeles, San Francisco); radio and television transmission of major league games into minor league cities; and major league control of the player supply. The first is not so bad, since the minors hardly dare oppose progress and because they are



WORRIED TURTLE. Minor League Boss Trautman lives in one big unhappy family.

able to relocate quite comfortably with the indemnities the big league clubs have to pay to the invaded cities and leagues. But the very thought of the other two makes the minors sizzle.

The biggest hassle to come out of the joint meetings at Colorado Springs (the majors were there, too, living at the plusher Broadmoor Hotel some five miles away) occurred when several big league teams announced that they were going to televise Sunday games in addition to the double-barreled Saturday "games of the week" already flowing out across the country over two major networks. "Sunday," snarled Shag Shaughnessy, who has directed the fortunes of the International League for 21 years, "is the only day we have left to draw any crowds. Back off or we sue." And next day the minors not only reaffirmed their intention of taking legal action but dispatched a resolution to a congressional committee asking that this entire business of major league television be subjected to a thorough scrutiny. The minors, al-

though enraged, did not necessarily feel that blocking this move would solve all their problems. It was simply that the very idea of major league television on Sunday was the last straw the long-suffering old camel could bear.

Neither usurpation of prized franchises nor satiation of prospective customers by major league television hurts the minors so badly, however, as the almost complete loss of the player market over the past 25 years. In the original structure of the game, the majors and minors were separate entities, functioning virtually independent of each other. Those players who could not step right out of high school or off the sandlots into the major leagues—and almost none of them could—were signed to contracts by independently owned minor league teams. There they were developed and eventually, if good enough, sold to the major leagues. The minors assumed the responsibility, did the work and collected.

Landis opposed farm system

But in the Depression years, the minors were hit so hard that some major league owners felt it absolutely necessary to take over in order to keep the young players coming up the ladder. "Judge Landis was never in favor of the farm system," says O'Connor, who is generally considered the smartest baseball man west of Branch Rickey, "and neither was I. But Frank Navin and Barney Dreyfuss convinced him it was the only solution and that there would be no ill effects afterwards."

As far as the major leagues are concerned, there are still no ill effects. They find the players, sign them, farm them out to teams which they control either by outright ownership or through working agreements and eventually still reap the finished product. But what it has meant to the independently operated minor league teams is slow death. Unable to compete in the player market against the big league clubs, they are unable to compete on the field against minor league opponents who, by virtue of major league affiliations, possess all the good young players.

Unable to beat the system, the minor league team has been forced either to quit or join 'em. Hundreds have quit; most of the remainder have joined them. There were 158 independent minor league teams in 1947; a decade later the number was down to 48. The biggest drop came in poor little old struggling Class D, from 68 independents to a total of three. And most of the teams which gave up the ghost

continued on page 79

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Ist Das Nicht Ein Basset Hound?

Ja, das ist—namely Champion Lazy Bones, winningest dog of his winsome breed. But underneath those medals he's just 'Junior'

THIS SAD, flop-eared beast is formally known as Champion Siefenjagenheim Lazy Bones, and if his name seems awe-inspiring (like him, it has its roots in Germany and refers to "Siefen's hunters' home" after his breeder), it is no less so than his record. He is a 4-year-old basset hound with a record as long as his ears, and is the undisputed king of his kind.

On the dog-show circuit, Lazy Bones is known and respected as a fierce competitor, rarely beaten and sporting a record which should be an inspiration to any ambitious puppy. But at home on Long Island with Frank Hardy, his handler, "Junior," as he is known to his friends, is a relaxed, engaging character who insists on sleeping in the Hardys' own bed and spends a good deal of time going through garbage pails to supplement the lean diet he is kept on. Junior, like any star, puts on weight easily, and doesn't show as well when he is fat.

Hardy first saw Lazy Bones as an eight-week-old puppy, at 3 a.m., after a party in Michigan. Possibly fired by the spirits of the occasion, he bought him on the spot for a conservative \$150. He later sold him to Chris G. Teeter, of Birmingham, Michigan, the president of the Detroit Kennel Club, who has since refused \$10,000 for him.

Teeter had been a breeder of cocker spaniels until his son, ill with arthritis, saw a basset on TV one day and asked to have one. Teeter bought a hound and soon switched almost entirely to the breed. He also owns Champion Slow Poke Hubertus, who was kingpin until Lazy Bones came along. The Hardys, specialists in handling hounds, board Teeter's bassets much of the time and show them for him.

Junior's accomplishments are staggering. When he en-



JUNIOR PATIENTLY SUBMITS TO HIS WEEKLY BEAUTY TREATMENT

ters the ring at the Kennel Club of Philadelphia's show this weekend, he will be gunning for his 129th best-of-breed, his 69th best-of-hound group and his ninth best-in-show. He has won every national basset-hound specialty show ever held and has been best basset both at the Westminster and at the Morris and Essex. At the latter he scored what Hardy feels is his biggest triumph so far, when he won best-of-hound group this spring, beating, among others, Champion Sharkhan of Grandeur, the great Afghan who won best-in-show at the Westminster in 1957. Last year he was named Hound of the Year by the American Kennel Club.

Lazy Bones' stud fee is \$150, and he has sired more than 300 offspring, 15 of which have already finished their championship. He may travel to compete in Mexico and France in 1958 (when flying, Junior is considered just plain excess baggage and locked up in the luggage compartment), and his plans for the future include a possible romance with Cleo, the female basset star of the TV program *The People's Choice*.

Between shows and stud dates Junior sits around the house and dreams of bigger and better hamburgers. He gets a weekly beauty treatment, which he accepts with a good deal of nonchalance. As bassets go, he is sitting pretty. END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

EVERY INCH A FIGHTER, Ch. Lazy Bones surveys the dog show world which has given him 285 firsts, values him at \$10,000.

Wiley Wins Again

In a rousing show at Toronto the U.S.E.T.'s star puts himself and team over some climactic jumps

by ALICE HIGGINS

IN THE FLAG-DRAPEd, gold and scarlet setting of Toronto's Royal Winter Fair Horse Show a rousing season reached its rousing climax. This year has brought some exciting moments, but nothing to match the moment when the United States Equestrian Team's Hugh Wiley sailed his elderly but agile Nautical over a formidable 6½-foot stone wall to capture, for the second year in a row at Toronto, the International Individual Puissance at heights greater than anything faced in the last Olympic competition. Wiley also won the individual fault and out event and, on the last day, pulled the U.S.E.T. to a win in the team event by riding clean to beat out England.

For Hugh Wiley and the U.S. team these Canadian victories carried a special vindication. After their New York successes (SI, Nov. 25) some competitors spitefully commented that the U.S. had done well only because the Garden courses, which come under fire regularly every year, had been arranged especially for them. At Toronto, which has all the space the Garden lacks, the U.S. team won more firsts than any other country.

The drama of these victories had, as always in Toronto, a worthy setting. For 12 days, under the gay bunting of the coliseum, almost 700 horses performed. A sergeant from the Governor General's Horse Guard, wearing a silver helmet topped by a waving crimson plume, galloped into the ring to sound on a silver bugle the fanfare before each class. There was the usual bag agricultural show, packed with livestock and flowers, and with a life-sized statue of the Minister of Agriculture molded in butter on view.

That spine-tingling International Individual Puissance came late in the week after some accomplished riding

in the international jumping by Ireland's Lieutenant William Ringrose (two wins), Charles Dennehy of the U.S.E.T. (one win) and England's Pat Smythe (one win). (Teammate Ted Williams also won one later.) Twenty horses jumped the solid-looking course



VICTORIOUS TEAM of Wiley, Captain Billy Steinkraus and Charles Dennehy Jr. receives trophy from Marilyn Rea, whose father sponsors international event.

and six of them went clean. Some of the obstacles were removed, others were heightened, and the six had another go at it. Four went clean.

Now only three jumps were left in the arena, and the stone wall was up to 6 feet. Williams went first on his little Pegasus and was clean. Mexico's Julio Herrera had one knockdown with Acapulco. So did England's Dawn Palethorpe on Earlsrath Rambler. Hugh Wiley and Nautical were clean.

Two obstacles were now left, and the wall was raised to 6½ feet—so high that the jump crew had to stand on tiptoe to adjust the top blocks. The spread jump was 8 feet wide.

Again Williams and Pegasus were first. But enough was enough—Pegasus had knockdowns at both obstacles. Wiley brought in Nautical, and the big horse went confidently toward the spread fence. He cleared it, thus winning the class, but Hugh swung him around the turn and headed him for the towering stone wall as well. Over Nautical went—faultless, and apparently boldly searching for more heights to conquer.

There were other winners, of course. Strangely, for the U.S. horse show audience, some of the biggest and hardest fought classes were in the Hackney pony and horse division. It's a rare sight indeed to see so many entries in that division. There were, for example, no less than eight tandems in one class—12 pairs in another—and the heavy harness classes (they practically don't exist any more in the U.S. except where Mrs. Louisa Long Combs is apt to go) were amply supplied with quality horseflesh, though there was only one U.S. stable represented. In the Hunter

division, the honors went to the Canadian owners. At the time of the stake there was only one point separating Elaine Boylen's Thou Swell from the leading Duke of Paeoniam, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Pettibone of Middleburg, Va. Then, just as if to prove how inconsistent horses can be, neither horse won the stake. Peggy Augustus' Waiting Home went with brilliance and was the winner. Thou Swell, ridden by his former American owner, D. R. Moten, was second, which shifted the point balance in his favor and made him champion conformation hunter of the Royal Winter Fair, as he had been at the N.Y. National (E.N.B.)

TIP FROM THE TOP

FROM **GEORGE GORDON**

Windsor Country Club, Rosford, R.I.



ESPECIALLY FOR HIGH-HANDICAP GOLFERS

Two of the most common errors that hurry mediocre golfers is their failure to make a proper pivot and their tendency to let the left arm collapse before impact. Let us confine ourselves at this time to discussing the latter.

In a correct golf swing the left arm should be straight throughout an arc of some 180°: from shoulder height on the backswing through shoulder height on the swing-through. When the left arm collapses before impact, nine times out of 10 a pronounced slice results. Usually this collapse of the left arm is tied in with a premature turning of the right side and shoulder into the shot. When you rush the right side into the shot too soon, you throw your body and arms outside the correct line to the ball and you are then compelled to swing from the outside in to contact the ball. That right side must stay relatively inactive until much later in the swing. Maintaining your left arm straight and firm through impact will delay the action of the right side until the proper time.

When I had the considerable pleasure of working with the Duke of Windsor on his game, one of the points we gave major attention to was this alliance of the straight left arm and the retarded right side. I think the duke's mastery of this was as important as any one feature in his improvement from a 100 golfer to a low-80s player.



correct

incorrect

NEXT WEEK: BOB FINSTERWALD ON THINKING THE SHOT OUT

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BLACK SAND AND RED ROSES

Sixteen hours from New York by air, the Canary Islands—nestling amidst their still volcanoes—offer a perfect sanctuary in the sun

by HORACE SUTTON

AS THE BLUE WINTER FOGS rolled in on London this week and the winter nights of Scandinavia encroached more deeply on the ever-shrinking afternoons, marrow-chilled northern Europeans looked wistfully southward toward Spain's Canary Islands, the Old World's one sure sanctuary in the sun. There, off the northwest coast of Africa, five air hours out of Madrid, on a latitude even with Florida, a visitor could nourish himself in the sun alongside the bountiful banana crop, could swim in the sea from a five-mile beach, could skin-dive in some of the world's clearest pools, could ski on a 12,000-foot mountain, could watch a brand of wrestling visible nowhere else in the world, could gasp at the strange crater-of-the-moon landscapes and the strangely costumed Canarios who till them, could live in one of the hemisphere's best hotels at \$18 a day for two meals, tips, taxes and terrace included, could live at a pension at \$3.12 *foot competi*, could come home sporting a tailor-made suit for which he had paid exactly \$35.20.

There is evidence that at least some of these attractions have been available for a number of years, for the Romans called the Canaries the "Fortunate Islands," and other bewitched visitors fore and aft of that day have labeled them the Blessed Isles, the Elysian Fields, and the Garden of Hesperides. Although no modern traveler after a week in the Canaries would doubt the aptness of these rapturous titles, the handle that stuck was one affixed by no less a litterateur than Pliny. He called this 13-island archipelago after the Latin *canis*, for dog, referring to a strange and vicious breed that infested the islands in his day. The chirping birds that were also so common to the islands later became known as canaries.

Although Horatio Nelson lost a battle and an arm trying to wrest the Canaries from Spain, which conquered them in the 15th century, the islands have long since been

successfully invaded by hordes of Britons who, seeing their own frosted isles, account for three-quarters of all the travelers who come to the Canaries in winter. On the other hand, although Columbus stopped here on his way to discover America, American travelers have never really discovered the Canaries. Two prime disasters have been transportation and distance (3,687 miles from New York). But the distance is shrinking—beginning January 5 Trans World Airlines will commence once-a-week direct, nonstop service between New York and Madrid, overflying the old milk-run stops of Gander, the Azores and Lisbon. Its Jetstreams, a sort of super Super Constellation with a cruise speed of 350 mph, will make the run in 11½ hours. After that there is a four-and-a-half-hour hop via Iberia from Madrid, landing either at Las Palmas on Grand Canary or at Tenerife.

Las Palmas is a narrow city strung out for five skinny miles along the waterfront, so far in fact that its streets ultimately connect with a once-independent offshore volcanic peninsula called La Isleta. At the docks fishing boats jockey for space. Bananas and tomatoes aimed to hit the European market when Europe is too cold to grow its own are swung aboard freighters. Oil waits in tanks to refuel some of the 7,000 ships that put in here every year. In town, double-decker buses sold by some enterprising salesman from England thread their way through the narrow streets, like fullbacks on a footbridge.

In a 15-acre landscaped park overlooking the harbor and the sea beyond is the island pride, the 145-room Santa Catalina Hotel, built in 1953 with the proceeds of a local gas tax, owned by the city and run with exquisite precision by a 25-year-old Swiss. Tucked among the palms, the bowers of bougainvillea, the cactus plants studded with

text continued on page 49



SURFING on black beaches at Puerto de la Cruz, Tenerife's prime resort, is rugged sport. More placid pools with sea view are sprinkled on rocky shore.

EUCALYPTUS trees perfume road near La Laguna on route to pine-forested mountains. The highest peak, Teide, is over 12,000 feet, offers winter skiing.



CANARY countryside varies from soft-green hills to weird lava lands. Europe's winter market takes bananas and tomatoes, sends tourists in increasing numbers in exchange.





ISLANDS are popular winterland for northern Europeans. This feindin tries warm black sand on Tenerife. Grand Canary has white beaches, one five miles long



ANCIENT American touring cars await visitors under typical curved Canary Island balconies. Cars are kept in top shape, spare parts are handmade, and these vintage vehicles make islands a living old-car museum.

ANCIENT African camels are still used for transportation, and on island of Lanzarote for plowing. Canaries' name derives from Latin *cannis*, because of dogs once found here. Unlike doggy in the howdah, breed was huge.



CANARY ISLANDS

continued from page 44

white flowers that bloom at midnight are an open-air American-style bowling alley, a pair of tennis courts, a miniature golf course, and an open-air pool filled with gently warmed mineral water. For the Santa Catalina it means having its lake and henting it too. Underlugs Ferraris roll up to the door and disgorge the smart set, local and expatriate, in tailored bench pajamas, billowing ascots, and antenna-long cigar holders. Handsome Belgian and French couples on honeymoons splash in the pool. In the evening starched Britons in white jackets and black, guardsmen mustaches appear in the bar to drifk 50c Scotch (25c downtown). And upstairs, from the carved wood balconies, the lights on the jetty are a string of luminous blue pearls pulled taut and straight that run to infinity from the bulk of Mount Isleta, the reformed volcano that was once an offshore crater.

In the park alongside the Santa Catalina is a delightful quadrangle called Canary Village, a Williamsburg construction of shops, *bodegas*, balconies and grilled windows. There is a patio bar, dress shops, a flower shop, and souvenir stalls that sell the inevitable walking dolls of Barcelona, a hyperthyroid, knee-high image much favored by visiting cruise passengers. Island quince, pomegranates, lemons bigger than softballs, oranges that grow yellow and green but never orange are displayed in bowls. There is a pit, the island icebox, a three-decker drip arrangement planted with *eucalipto* ferns to keep it even cooler. You can buy a *triple*, a bulge-backed brother of the ukulele which itself was spawned in Portugal, emigrated to Australia and wandered into Hawaii, which thinks of it now as its own. A canary store sells wild canaries for \$1, whites for \$4, and yellow birds at anywhere from \$2 to \$8. The higher-priced warblers come with a pedigree. But the best buy is the exquisite lacework, far cheaper than Brussels or Cyprus, each island's design different from the next. On Sunday mornings troupes of Canary Islanders gather in costume in the village patio and dance and sing to the *triple* and the tamborine.

Then in the sun of winter there is the pool of the Santa Catalina or, a few minutes from the hotel, the white sand beaches of Akaravanas and Canteras. An hour's ride out of town is the great beach of Maspalomas which begins at a palmy oasis and stretches

for five sugar-sand miles past a lagoon, ending finally in a crescendo of mountainous dunes. Until an entrepreneur gains title there is nothing on hand but the sparse fringe of a few ramshackle bungalows and a shanty that serves drinks and snacks. You change your clothes in a pillow that survives from the Spanish Civil War.

It is a prime excursion to take the traveler winding up to the top of Tejedra, where the government has built a mountain perador, or inn, on a 3,400-foot saddle looking out to the petrified monoliths that rise in front of the terrace. But even more interesting is the ride to the top of the Pico de Bandama. From here the view looks far across to a neighboring peak, where in the village of Atalaya a thousand troglodytes make pottery without a wheel and live in caves dug in the mountainside, some of them furnished with mahogany dressers and canopied beds, with pink *periquitos* in the doorway. On the plateau, from the mountain of the cave dwellers to the rim of Bandama—itsself an old volcano—is the golf course of Grand Canary. The greens are green, but the fairways are soft with volcanic ash that requires extra muscle on pitches, and an overdrive is very likely to send your ball over the rim and into the extinct volcano.

Cockfights, futbol and dogs

Spectator sports in Las Palmas start at noon on Sundays with cockfights in the Circo Gallera. *Futbol*, so soccer is known here, and Canary Island wrestling alternate as Sunday afternoon sports in the Campo España. There is no bull fighting on Grand Canary but greyhounds run every night. Strangely, no one goes to the track—the reason is simply that no one is interested in watching dogs run. But the betting is heavy and takes place off the premises.

Most of the tourist shops of Las Palmas and neighboring Tenerife are run by East Indians who sell the metallic threaded bags with which their cousins have glutted the market in New York and San Francisco, ivory curios and, of course, walking dolls. But there is no buy for a man like the hand-tailored suits which are made by Canary tailors in three days at prices that beat even Hong Kong. Sanchez at Triana No. 55 and Cardenas at Triana No. 108 will copy any suit you own, using Spanish or English wools. The price, at \$35.20, is hardly arguable.

In a trim little *quartier* of pink, blue and orange domiciles is Columbus House, the former governor's mansion where Columbus stayed during his so-

journs in the Canaries. Relics of the earliest days of the islands are on view at the Canary Museum, which delights in its skull collection, advertised as the world's largest. There are over 2,000 crania on public view, stored neatly in cases, 11 skulls high, all ranged according to types.

The trip to the island of Lanzarote, an hour by Iberia's DC-3, is the most fascinating of all excursions in the Canaries. Here, where the first Spaniards landed, the women still bind their faces in white cloth, cover their heads with huge straw hats, wear long-sleeved blouses with floppy wristlets, cover their hands with white gloves and in this costume work the meager land, tossing seeds into the volcanic ash that is the island's soil, trudging behind their husbands, who dig the furrows with a camel and a wooden plow. When I was on Lanzarote it had rained two months before, and that had been the first rain in 14 months' time. And yet, figs and grapes grow in the pulverized black lava, flowers bloom and onions are harvested in the spring and exported to Britain and Scandinavia.

Some 200 craters blister the landscape of Lanzarote, many of them blown suddenly out of fertile fields in the fantastic eruption of 1730, a volcanic unrest that lasted for six years, buried four villages and covered a fifth of all the island with ragged black lava. Islanders chopped away at the gray rock, found the earth again and planted it with new seed. The lava ash, they found, takes the evening dew and contains it and protects it from the next day's hot sun. And so grapes grow, and purple *beagainvil-las*, geraniums, palm trees, guavas, and even orange trees, growing without trunks, like bushes, the branches spreading in depressed potholes, secure from the hot winds that blow out of Africa.

Wealthy islanders have villas in the country, built of lava stone and painted white. But the lawn is black ash with brilliant flowering bushes growing out of the cinders. Pretty young daughters with blue eyes, dressed always in their white-hooded Mother Hubbard hats, hide behind the pillars and titter self-consciously. Then suddenly the last house of the habitable earth is passed, and then, where man has not chopped away what the earth disgorged two centuries ago, there is only the jagged lava, a wind-tossed black sea suddenly stopped and petrified in mid-motion, running out to the horizon. A camel or a car will take you

continued

CANARY ISLANDS

continued

up a 200-year-old range called the Fire Mountains and, although there is no visible fissure in the earth, the gravel is warm, and in a fire hole you can fry an egg or watch an armful of brush burst in one minute into excited flame.

On the moon island of Lanzarote it is a day's outing to drive south to El Golfo, a weird nook by the sea walled in by a queer semicircle of stratified rock, and a maroon hill that runs down to a coal-colored beach. Behind the beach is an emerald lagoon. Herons that float in on white wings use it as a way station, and swimmers who have never plumbed its depths use it as a pool. There is a picnic table tucked in a red rock cave. Six miles away there is hunting for black African duck in the salt flats of Salinas del Janubio. The season is open the year round and all that is needed is permission of the salt flat owner, one Jansen Lipo. As for the salt which is reduced from the sea water, most of it is sold to preserve the *corbino*, a codlike fish that is caught by Lanzarote fishermen in six-month excursions off the African coast, dried and salted, then sold to natives of the Belgian Congo, much as Nova Scotia salts cod and sells it to the West Indies.

The center of all excursions on Lanzarote is its pleasant little *parador* which decorates the harbor's edges in Arrecife, a metropolis of 14,000 people, nearly half the island's total population. This year it has redone most of its rooms, and a suite with waterside terrace and private bath, plus full board, tips and taxes will come to \$13.80 a day. Tables are set up along the pebbly tiled dock. A call for hors d'oeuvres will bring 10 dishes, among them *serres*, olives stuffed with anchovies, potato chips and cold pickled barnacles. Sixteen cents will buy you a half bottle of Canary wine, white, strong and sweet, and many times mentioned in the plays of Shakespeare.

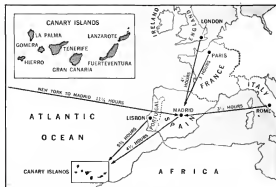
From the *parador* dock a charter boat (\$10 for boat and crew) sails out for tuna and bonito, working the waters off the African coast. The ocean is so clear—the bottom is paved with lava—that fishermen do best in 300 feet of water. And the lines must be heavy to contend with manta rays that run upward of 600 pounds.

But the very clarity of the water that forces rod fishermen into extreme depths is what makes Lanzarote and its offshore satellite islands a dreamland for skin-divers. Off its northern

end is Graciosa, a roadless island where fishermen live. Offshore from it are the islets of Montaña Clara, Alegranza, Roque del Oeste and Roque del Infierno where old birds go to die. Montaña Clara has two families, one the light-house keeper, one a goat herder. It is also a nesting place for the *pardela*, a bird that is hunted by torchlight for the meat which is salted and sold, and the feathers which are dandy for hats. Alegranza is privately owned. It is the channels between the islands that skin-divers say are among the best hunting grounds in the world. Although a charter boat can take skin-divers from the Arrecife *parador* to Graciosa, it is faster to go in one hour

this winter, will face west to the setting sun and South America. Swimmers and sun-tanners who come for lunch can consult the tank for a lobster only lazily flown from the African coast. The painters can sketch the pink St. Telmo chapel in the orange sun of the late afternoon and dawdlers can slip down to Dinámico, the outdoor pub in the Plaza de Charco.

Up on the hill the Germans in shorts and shaved heads come to nest in the creaky confines of the 140-room Hotel Taoro, first built in 1900. They pay the likes of \$200 for 21 days, including air fare from Wuppertal, and there are similar excursions for Swedes. In the winter there is dancing every night, but



ONCE ISOLATED OFF AFRICAN COAST, THE CANARIAS ARE NOW EASILY ACCESSIBLE BY AIR

by car to the end of Lanzarote, in one hour by boat to Graciosa, and in one hour by camel across roadless Graciosa to Playa La Concha, the island beach.

There is a pension on Graciosa owned by an entrepreneur named Jorge Toledo, who is also captain of the charter boat, operator of the island radio, postman and mayor. The car across Lanzarote costs \$6, Jorge gets \$10 a day for the boat, and the camel costs \$1 for two people, round trip.

The camels on Tenerife, largest of the Canaries, are mostly for the tourists. And the tourists thunder in from the north or slip in by sea and go off to nest in Puerto de la Cruz, a seaside resort where artists paint, the sea is rough, and pools are built oceanwise among the outcroppings of black lava rocks. Three new hotels are abuilding along the Playa de Martiánez. The cabanas of the huge St. Telmo pool, ready

any day, winter or summer, a sipper lounging in the new yellow and blue basket chairs on the cocktail terrace can contemplate the pool and the sea, and between the two, the Tenerife slopes carpeted with green banana fronds and sprinkled with the sugar cubes of white villas. Six dollars would carry the day here, but a second-class hotel in Puerto de la Cruz will feed you, shelter you and serve you for inside \$2.50 per diem.

Half an hour from the seaside swimmers, skiers skid down the slopes of Teide, 12,152 feet high. The road runs by way of Villa Orotava, an ancient town where grass grows in the hilly streets, bougainvillea falls over the white-washed walls like a purple rug hung out to air, and the bright yellow candles that grow on acacia trees light the village bandstand. Pots filled with ferns hang in the courtyards of villas and sway lightly in the breezes that

waft up over the red tiled roofs from the sea, and the afternoon sun shoots brilliant shafts that ignite the crystal chandeliers that might otherwise have had to wait for night to gain attention.

The drive from sea level, where it is sunny, sometimes ascends through the cloud layers that hang low over Tenerife. After corkscrew minutes through the haze the highway breaks out above the cloud line and into the sun. Then the view is of the cone of Teide protruding through the blanketing white mass of overcast, looking like nothing so much as a tan huson in a vast sea of bedclothes.

The devil is inside

In the winter the snow comes and the skiers move up to the parador of Las Cañadas whose 50 rooms and rustic fireplaces open this season. Rooms, meals and taxes come to \$4 a day, but the modern skier ought to be notified that there are no lifts nor tows. In spring when the snows melt, the terraces look out to the tufts of heige grass and the odd rock formations that long ago spilled from the top of Teide. For Teide means hell, and the early natives who named it that believed that the devil lived inside, but when the old mountain was docile it was because the good spirit was sitting on top, not letting the devil out.

There is little intimation of such violence down by the sea in the capital of Santa Cruz de Tenerife. Its prime hotel, the Mencey, sits quite sedately in the residential quarter. If its deep leather chairs and enormous murals are somewhat awesome, the formal garden is a manicured delight, and there is a tennis court, a swimming pool equipped with its own bar, and over the whole cantonnement, a French manager. Single rooms with meals start at \$7, but at the second-class Hotel Pino de Oro, English-run, the day rate is \$3.12 all in.

In the twilight the ships lie quiet behind the breakwater. But steep out of the water rise the razor-backed mountains turning a soft rose beige with the dusk. It is time to stop for *tapas*, which are little dishes of squid-in-its-ink or octopus or *cusculita de abadece* (fish and vegetables). It's 10c for the *tapas* and another dime for a glass of sherry. A good investment. Dinner won't be served until 10. Someone has slipped on the blue neon crosses on the Civil War memorial—Spanish, that is—in the Plaza de España. Alongside the stone shaft loungers loil and, in plots around it, roses nod in the soft wind out of Africa and, warmed and nourished, grow the whole year round. **ENR**



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BONNIE PRUDDEN

23

The shoulder roll helps prevent injury in a fall

- A** Rest your weight on your right knee, shoulder and hand. Use your left toe to help with balance and stretch your right arm along the floor.



- B** Give a shove with your left leg, relax and let your body roll over your shoulders as in a side somersault, keeping hands in place on the floor.



- C** You should arrive flat on your back, with your hands still in the first position. Repeat the exercise to the right and then to the left again.





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AMERICA'S SKI CLOTHES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT A.



SKI-TOP PONGMO (\$40, Ernst Engel) with a collar which forms a hood is of sky-blue loden. Amy Baird of Portland, Ore. wears it with a matching poplin fastcap (\$3, White Stag).

STRETCH PANTS," said a Texas skier recently, "are the best thing that has happened to skiing since Hannes Schneider." That takes in a lot of territory, but skiers all the way across the country can safely add that the next best thing is that stretch pants, which, like Schneider, were for quite a while available only from Europe, can now be bought from American manufacturers, at American prices. And the same is now true of all ski apparel, with the possible exception of boots and hand-knit ski sweaters. The American manufacturers have come of age, and this year the selection of domestic ski styles equals the best of the European competitors. To the nation's 4 million skiers this means lower prices on everything, since they will no longer have to pay the tariff. Stretch pants from American sources, for example, come in just as many sparkling colors and sell for an average \$10 less. To document the American invasion of what has been a European province almost since the sport began, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has again, as it did last December, surveyed every important ski area in the country. Here are our findings:

Stretch pants are still the biggest news, and anybody who can scrape up the \$40 to \$50 they cost wants them. The next step, particularly for the lady skier, is the all-stretch suit—one trim line of Helene's from collar to boot, as worn by Skier Amy Baird on this week's cover (\$70, from Ernst Engel; at Saks Fifth Ave., J. L. Hudson, Filene's, Brannon's, Frederick and Nelson).

Another new look, one fast becoming a fad, with instructors, and racers setting the pace, is the knicker, far trimmer than the floppy plus eights which were the first ski pants. They come in colored corduroy or in dark woolsens and are worn with water-repellent hand-knit socks, made in Norway of unwashed wool. They are popular for spring skiing, as worn at Mt. Hood (opposite).

The favorite new parkas are both quilted and reversible—many of them with a pattern on one side, a contrasting solid color on the other. There is a growing vogue for capes to wear on the chair lift, a fashion borrowed from Bavaria. And speaking of lifts, the almost complete disappearance of the rope tow, which snagged parkas, has helped "sharpen up" the American skier. There are many specialized regional fads: crash helmets in the Northwest, Mexican vests in the Southwest, Army-surplus wildcat-skin parkas in New England—and collector's-item European sweaters everywhere.

FOR NEWS OF AN ITALIAN DESIGNER TURN THE PAGE



KNICKERS ARE BACK as top ski fashion in trim versions copied from Alpine mountaineering pants. At Mount Hood, Doug McCabe of San Mateo, Calif., and Cornelia St. John of Greenwich, Conn., team corduroy knickers (\$15, Edelweiss), hand-knit socks (Selbu, \$11).



SHIRTTAIL PARKA (#18, White Stag): In sea-green poplin piped with white is a best-seller. Cynthia St. John wears it with white stretch pants (#45, by Donner-Werner) at Timberline Lodge.

AFTER-SKI CAPES (men's, \$25; women's, \$30, White Stag) are copied from Bavarian cloaks, and are worn by Timberline Manager Dick Kolmstam and Carolyn Rie at ski tow shack.



COLOR AND PATTERN blaze on the mountains: Carolyn Rie of Portland matches red Helena pants (#40) with cam-printed, reversible nylon parka (#21) and C. B. Vaughan of Manchester, Vt., with poplin parka (#23, all White Stag).



MT. HOOD'S MARCHESE

One of the best of the European designers showed off his new styles in person just last month, when Italy's Emilio Pucci made a sentimental journey back to Oregon. There he had designed his first ski suits for the Reed College ski team 20 years ago; now he was returning to spearhead a charity fashion show of his ski designs. In his honor a previously undesignated ski trail on Mt. Hood was christened Pucci's Glade. Following the ceremonies, the ebullient Pucci posed with models wearing his latest look in ski fashions—smooth-knit sweaters over tight-fitting stretch pants, and one tuck-in gabardine shirt to be worn under a Pucci-print parka with matching lilac stretch pants.



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TRAVERSES AND BASIC TURNS

with **WILLY SCHAEFFLER** and **EZRA BOWEN**

Illustrated by **ROBERT RIGER**

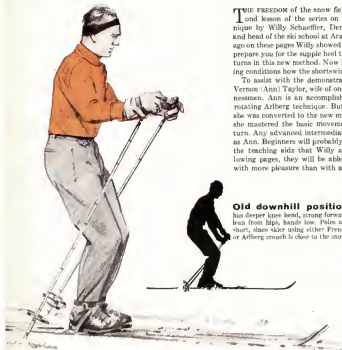
THE FREEDOM of the snow fields beckons with this second lesson of the series on the new shortswing technique by Willy Schaeffler, Denver University ski coach and head of the ski school at Arapahoe Basin. Three weeks ago on these pages Willy showed 17 living room exercises to prepare you for the supple heel thrust and reverse shoulder turns in this new method. Now he shows under actual skiing conditions how the shortswing really works.

To assist with the demonstrations, Willy drafted Mrs. Vernon (Ann) Taylor, wife of one of Denver's leading businessmen. Ann is an accomplished skier in the shoulder-rotating Arlberg technique. But after one day with Willy she was converted to the new method. On the second day, she mastered the basic movements up through the stem turn. Any advanced intermediate can catch on as quickly as Ann. Beginners will probably take longer, but by using the teaching aids that Willy and Ann show on the following pages, they will be able to learn more easily and with more pleasure than with any other system of skiing.

Old downhill position

has deeper knee bend, strong forward lean from hips, hands low. Poles are short, since skier using either French or Arlberg crouch is close to the snow.

New downhill position is upright, with only slight flexing of knees, ankles; no hip bend, hands above waist. Poles are four inches longer to help keep skier erect, should reach within hand's breadth of armpit.





Learning comma. Ann gets her downhill shoulder back, but keeps hips, knees locked in incorrect straight-on position. Willy has body curved in correct comma. Heavy lines dramatize difference between shortwing and other traverse techniques.

THE TRAVERSE

In the shortwing, the basic maneuver, from which all other moves develop, is the traverse, in which the skier moves diagonally across the slope. And the basic position is the striking new comma, shown below. In the comma, the downhill shoulder is pulled back and the weight is on the downhill ski. The upper body is over the skis, with the hips, knees and ankles curved toward the slope. This idea of beginning with the traverse is a direct departure from the Arlberg method, which starts from the snow plow. It differs, too, from the French method, which builds from a traverse but keeps the shoulders squared and demands a powerful forward lean at the knees and hips. In the comma, by contrast, the upper body is loose, relaxed, ready to move with subtle, rhythmic motions rather than powerful swings.



Perfect comma on a flat surface shows knees, ankles together so skis form single unit. On slope, skier should look ahead, advance upper ski two to four inches.



Ankle touch while moving in traverse helps skier to keep shoulder back, body flexible. As exercise shows in Nov. 25 issue, skier with squared shoulders is able to reach only to knee.



Lifting uphill ski forces weight onto the downhill ski, upper body leaning out over slope. Natural reaction on steep hill is to lean toward slope, dangerous in fall since shoulders will hit while skis are still planted in snow, causing a bad twist.

CONTINUED

SIDE-SLIPPING

The next step in the shortswing is the side-slip, a practical way for any novice to come down a hill and a good way for anyone to practice the all-important business of edge control, i.e., the angle at which your skis bite into the slope during a traverse. Like every shortswing maneuver, it begins and ends with the comma, with a minimum of motion in between. For the side-slip, in fact, there is no new movement beyond an unweighting of the skis through a downward motion, and a releasing of the uphill edges that allows you to go into a controlled slide.



Two-pole push is good way for beginner to learn side-slip. Stand in comma position on side of hill, hold poles together as shown, and push against the slope. As you bend knees and hips to put pressure on poles, skis become unweighted and you start to side-slip. Poles act as brace to prevent fall into slope when skis first begin to slide.

Side-slip begins with Willy in traverse position (1). To start side-slip he unweights skis by bending knees and hips down and farther toward slope in exaggeration of comma, at same time easing grip of uphill edges on snow by slight outward turn of the ankles (2). By accentuating comma bend, Willy keeps upper body out over skis, thus correcting natural tendency to lean into slope when edges let go, upsetting balance and causing skis to chatter or slide out from under you. To stop side-slip, Willy downweights again, then returns to modified comma, rolling edges back (3) until skis take hold. If skis will not slide easily at first, try exercises shown at left and right.

Parallel poles placed across front of torso show how hips, shoulders must be kept in same plane during side-slip and traverse. Skiers trying shortening for first time often move downhill shoulder forward, twisting body off balance, breaking combs and forcing upper body in toward the slope.



Half side-slip, graduate version of straight side-slip, is excellent exercise in edge control, besides being quick, easy way to make diagonal descent. Skier, moving in fast traverse, releases edges as shown in figures 1, 2 and 3. As edges let go, forward motion makes skis carve diagonal path through snow with upper edges brushing snow as in advanced turns to come.



Patterns on snow show paths of skis during straight side-slip (left) and half side-slip. In straight side-slip, Willy moves slowly, stops, side-slip, moves on. In half side-slip he skims across slope in one continuous move, stopping only when he has reached bottom.



Push and catch is good confidence builder for side-slip since skis cannot run away. Plant one pole just above uphill ski, other pole downhill. Push with uphill pole. Skis will slide, stop at downhill pole.

Split push is good side-slip aid in heavy snow or in steep narrow gullies where the skier has no room to maneuver. Plant both poles uphill, one at each end of skis, release edges and push to start side-slip.

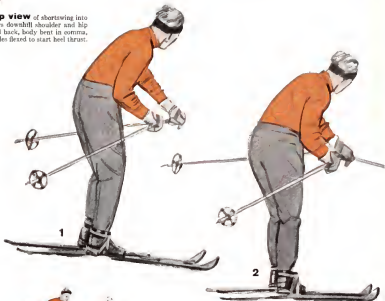
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THE FIRST TURN

There are only two ways a skier can turn—in toward the slope or out toward the fall line, the line of steepest descent down a hill. Your first shortswing turn, shown below and at right, is toward the slope—a nice, safe way to go, and one that takes very little effort. Starting in a traverse, and using the edge control and unweighting by downward movement learned in side-slipping, you add one small ingredient: a gentle outward thrust of the heels that sets the skis swinging in an arc across the snow. Starting a turn by heel push is one of the great shortswing innovations, in contrast to the Arlberg and French techniques, where the turn impulse is a shoulder swing transmitted to the fronts of the skis.



Treetop view of shortswing into slope shows downhill shoulder and hip drawn well back, body bent in comma, knees, ankles flexed to start heel thrust.



Learning swing. Ann shows hangover from old technique in bringing downhill shoulder forward. As teaching aid, Willy crooks poles inside elbows, which helps force downhill shoulder back. Ann tries it (right) and finds it works—shoulder back, she now can start her swing in the correct position.

Front view of swing to slope, done on steeper hill than rear view, gives clear look at difference between easy comma in traverse and strong comma at point of heel thrust in turn. On gentle slope, Schaeffer needed old-fashioned forward bend from the hip to get momentum for last part of turn. On steep hill, natural speed from the terrain provides all necessary forward push. Willy's position at end of swing, and all his movements through this turn, are identical to those of advanced turns to come.



Turning over bump, (below) Ann uses natural fallaway of terrain to unweight backs of skis for heel push and swing. Learning to read terrain, using natural hill contours to help turns, make skiing much easier. Note Ann's excellent comma, shoulder pulled back in a strong reverse position.



Rear view of swing to slope shows Willy moving in slow traverse (40) on easy beginner's hill. To start turn impulse he pulls downhill shoulder a bit farther to the rear to prepare for heel thrust. As in side-slip, he unweights skis by bending knees and hips down and more toward slope. With shoulders back and comma increased (42), skis have already started to turn. Then, with outward and downward thrust of heels (43), Willy swings skis through 45°. Again imitating side-slip, he stops turn by edging skis (44), then easing comma to start off in a new traverse.

CONTINUED

THE SNOWPLOW

Once you get the feeling of edge control, you are ready for the snowplow, the best maneuver for controlling your speed in your first turns through the fall line (right). This is the most despised of all maneuvers—many experts sneer at it as a beginner's crutch, and beginners hate it because they are usually prodded into it before they have learned to use their edges, with the results shown by Ann below. With edge control, however, there is nothing for the novice to worry about. Just relax and brush out with the tails of the skis. As for the skeptical experts, Schaeffer points out that Toni Sailer used the snowplow as a brake in winning the Olympic downhill. Furthermore, the heel-brushing snowplow that Willy demonstrates below is a shortcut to the linked parallel turns he will teach next week in Part Three.



Common mistake of experienced skiers is to bend knees too far, spread backs of skis too wide. Skis must be brushed gently, not forced.



Worst mistake by beginners is to try snowplow before learning edge control. If outside edges dig in, result is stiff jackknife position (top). If unequal pressure is put on inside edges (bottom), skis will start to cross.



Perfect snowplow

starts (top left) with Willy in downhill position, hands at height of belt, knees flexed, body upright but relaxed. To go into plow, Willy pushes heels out, making tails of skis slither across snow into plow position (center). At same time he bends knees slightly to unweight tails of skis and put slight pressure on inside edges. Note that knees are barely more than a hand's breadth apart, not spread wide with subsequent strain on thighs. Once in good plow Willy eases heel push, puts slight weight accent on inside edges (3) in order to start the skis running back together into the normal downhill position. As an edge-control exercise, try brushing in and out of snowplow 3 to 5 times in 20 yards.

Snowplow turn, first full turn through fall line, combines snowplow (shown on opposite page) with comma, edge control learned in sideslip, and swing to slope. Willy starts off traversing slope in snowplow position (1). To turn, he pulls uphill shoulder back, shifts weight by leaning out over uphill ski (2). As soon as weight shift starts skis begin to turn. Halfway through turn (3), Willy is heading straight down fall line, speed controlled by plow with slight pressure on inside edges, left side of body in comma, left ski carving arc of turn. Once past fall line, Willy eases comma (4), moves downhill shoulder forward, finishes sequence in normal snowplow position (5) ready to start new traverse and turn.



Using terrain to help learn the snowplow turn, beginners swing through wide gully, using lift from counteslope at side of gully to unweight upper ski, help start turn.

CONTINUED

THE STEM TURN

This is the climax of your basic instruction in the shortawing. On the preceding pages you were taught the comma, the side-slip and the snowplow. These necessary fundamentals must be learned well, for in them are all the elements of the more advanced stem turn shown at right. A stem, as demonstrated below, is half a snowplow. That is, you brush outward with the tail of one ski instead of two, leaving the other leg and ski still pointed in the original direction. Now, there are only two ways to stem—uphill and downhill. Willy shows both below, as he prepares to make a turn to the left. In the right-hand figure Willy does it the old way, stemming with the downhill ski, weight on the uphill ski, uphill shoulder twisted back in a windup ready to start the powerful rotation that will set him into the turn. Obviously there is some waste motion here. Willy wants to turn downhill, but according to the old doctrine he must start by counterrotating and stemming away from the direction of the turn. In the left-hand figure he shows the economy of movement that is the essence of the new shortawing. He wants to turn to the left, so he takes his uphill ski and stems in the direction he wants to go. The right shoulder is back, not as a windup for rotation, but to facilitate the weight shift onto the right ski. Thus, with little more than a shifting of weight, the shortawing stem brings the skier down any slope, under any snow conditions, with more style and rhythm and far less fatigue than ever before.



Starting stem turn, Willy traverses gentle slope in comma position (1), downhill shoulder back, weight on downhill ski. Without shifting weight, he stems uphill ski (2) in direction of turn, pulls uphill shoulder back to prepare for weight shift. Next instant he transfers weight to uphill ski (3), and turn begins. As he comes through fall line (4), weight is on outside ski, left side of body shows comma as in snowplow, but with inside ski angled more toward fall line. Once past fall line, Willy eases comma (5), lets skis run together naturally, starts new traverse (6). Stem turn, like snowplow turn, should be used only when turning out toward the fall line, not for turn into the slope.



Finishing stem turn, Willy and Ann show perfect comma position as they complete a turn to the left. Knees, ankles are flexed, weight is on downhill ski, uphill ski unweighted, ready to stem for turn to the right.

New and old methods for starting stem turn point up dramatic departure of shortawing from old techniques. Willy starts shortawing turn (left) by stemming uphill ski and shifting weight, old-style turn by downhill stem and counterrotation. Note deep bend of uphill knee in old system puts heavy strain on skier's thigh.



NEXT WEEK: PARALLEL TURNS

In the December 23 issue Willy winds up his analysis of the Austrian shortwing technique with detailed demonstrations of the graceful parallel turns, and a dramatic presentation of the shortwing's much-discussed and much-misunderstood graduate maneuver, the hip-swinging ski dance called *Wendein*.

MINOR LEAGUES DOOMED

continued from page 35

during the convention last week did so for one primary reason; they were unable to obtain a working agreement with a major league team.

It has frequently been pointed out by minor league executives that they could still, if given the chance, develop a young player and sell him to the majors at just about half ("I'd say a third," says O'Connor) of what it costs a big league team to do the job for itself. When one considers the financial drain of vast scouting staffs and sprawling farm systems, this undoubtedly is true. But the big league teams, particularly those with highly successful farm operations, are not about to return to the point where they must bid on the open market for seasoned minor league players. For one thing, it would leave too much to chance, and good businessmen like Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers, Lou Perini of the Braves and Del Webb of the Yankees are not going to buy very much of that. For another, a major league club does not mind spending a little more money if the result is a player who has been brought up in the system and indoctrinated thoroughly all his baseball life in the particular style of play and winning psychology of the parent organization.

The three ways in which the minors could conceivably break this stranglehold are by congressional action against the majors as a result of antitrust violations and restraint of trade; by some future concerted and dynamic upris-

ing of their own; or through the good graces of the big leagues themselves. Although the majors shake in their boots whenever the first subject is mentioned, there is little or no indication to date that the government will act; baseball may be a business, but it is still a sport, and the laws of the land look upon it as such.

As for a revolution from below, the major leagues have even less to fear here. Minor league history is one long page of dissension and distrust. "The trouble with the minors," says Dick Butler, president of the Texas League, "always has been that there are too many divergent opinions instead of a united front." And Trautman, charged for years in some quarters with nambypamby leadership, asks simply, "How can you give leadership when you have no followers?"

As for the big leagues suddenly getting bighearted and giving players away, Leslie O'Connor admits, "I can hardly visualize this happening." Neither can anyone else.

One may wonder why the majors, big brother as they are in this rather raucous family and definitely dependent upon little brother for the development of players under one system or another, do not extend the aid that is so evidently needed. The answer is that the majors will step in and help out—but not until it is absolutely necessary. In a cold-blooded business way, they will continue to take over minor league

franchises, send television and radio into minor league territory and allow the independents to die until the critical point is reached. Quite frankly, they cannot afford to subsidize all of minor league baseball, nor do they intend to try. All that they need is just enough farm teams to handle the players they have under contract. Once this point is reached, the minor leagues will level off and survive.

The critical point is not too far away. Once it was believed that a booming farm system required as many as 20 teams to handle all the young talent. Now even heavily loaded farm systems like those of the Pirates, Braves, Dodgers and Yankees seem to operate most effectively with something like 10 minor league teams. "We think that eight or nine is about right," says Fresno Thompson of the Dodgers, "and there are certainly quite a few big league clubs, Washington, for example, that can get along with less." If one is to assume then that an alignment of 20 minor leagues with 160 teams would do the job, it may be seen that the present figure is fast approaching what the majors would consider an ideal state.

Down on the farm

If the major leagues sometimes appear to be the villain of the minor league story, it can also be argued that they are only realistic. No one would be happier than major league club owners if the minor league teams under their direction would produce not only players but dollar bills as well. But the time has long since passed when the function of the lower minors, at least, is entertainment. They exist only as a training ground for prospective major league ballplayers. And public apathy has become so strong that even should the majors stop televising into their territory, even should mosquitoes stop biting, even—heaven forbid—should Lassie die, it is doubtful that the fans would come back into the parks.

It is a difficult thing for the old minor leaguers to realize and accept, for they were raised on the game and they love it. Like a man who puts catsup on his beans, they are unable to figure out why everyone else doesn't like it, too.

But the minor leagues, at least in the form in which they have straggled along for years, are doomed. Maybe it won't be as much fun as it once was. Maybe a lot of people who could have helped but didn't will be sorry when the day arrives. But it is coming. And the minor leaguers, despite their rose-colored glasses and whistling in the dark, know it, too. (END)



"Now here's a beautiful game. White is attacking black's queen and rook with his knight."



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SOVIET FITNESS

Sirs:

The Jerry Cooke article and pictures on athletics in Soviet Russia (*Russia* and *Physical Fitness*, SI, Dec. 2) are the best things I have ever seen in your magazine.

Maybe we should start having home-and-home competition in a lot of sports with Russia? In fact, wouldn't it be a good idea to hold the 1964 Olympics in Russia? It would certainly be a lot better to be planning to have the Olympics in Moscow than some of the more sinister things that might be taking place by that time.

EARL CHABBE

Auburn, Calif.

• Both the U.S. and Russia are expected to make a strong bid to have the 1964 Games held in their countries, with Tokyo a likely compromise site. Now that compulsory fingerprinting of visiting athletes is no longer an issue (E&D, Oct. 21), nothing except the ever-present problem of finances stands in the way of home-and-home athletic competitions.—ED.

Sirs:

I'm in full accord with Jerry Cooke's appraisal of the Russian people, friendly, likable and human.

Many of your readers, I'm sure, will criticize the apparent apathy in the U.S. to basic sports, comparing Russia's mammoth government-backed sports program to our unregulated emphasis on "popular sports." One should, however, recognize that world sports domination and physical fitness of the individual are merely by-products of Russia's real objective: attempts to contain the activities of individuals into regimented channels. This has been an integral part of authoritarian governments throughout history. Hitler's Germany is a point in fact.

I'll take my odds on a coach's effigy any day, rather than have the uncompromising stare of Lenin and Co. lead a homecoming parade.

JACK P. GETZEL

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

One thousand credits to you for your report on Russia. Boring, complacent Americans must be jolted from the ubiquitous television set and kicked into the gymnasiums and YMCAs across the country.

LEX KAVANAUGH

Dallas

Sirs:

We should not emulate the Russian technique of government-controlled physical fitness but utilize American volunteerism—doing something beneficial, because of the desire to do it.

Here in Indianapolis, Mr. Jack Baker, Physical Education Director of the Park School, is initiating a modest program in a more or less experimental way, testing his way as to the best methods to employ at his particular school and building a program on a sound basis to help not only the gifted athletes but every child.

How to arouse interest and stir people

to action is the big problem confronting our country. Just as Little League Baseball grew from a single example, it would be wonderful if schools, YMCAs and individuals would at least experiment with the merits of a physical fitness program.

EDWARD W. HARRIS JR.

Indianapolis

Sirs:

We hope that other magazines will follow you and cover other aspects of Russian life. We believe that anything that can be done to dispel the distrust between our two societies is a great step toward world peace.

We will watch for more articles in the future which will broaden our education and understanding of other countries.

CRIS WRIGHT

Norwalk, Ohio

Sirs:

Your "Red" number made Communist life look so attractive. I ask, why are we fighting it and why did Hungary revolt?

R. L. SHARR

West Chester, Pa.

Sirs:

I wonder if you could tell me the name and address of the Moscow girl shown in the women's crew picture (SI, Dec. 2). If you don't know, perhaps you might suggest to me where I could find out same—I was quite struck by her beauty and, as a student of the Russian language, would like to initiate a correspondence with her.

DON PIERI

Amherst, Mass.



HELENA OF DYNAMO

• Helena Bystrova, c/o Sports Director, Dynamo Water Stadium, Moscow, U.S.S.R.—ED.

ALL ABOUT CRIBBAGE

Sirs:

My wife and I wish to congratulate *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Mr. Charles Goren for the splendid tribute to the game.

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continued

of cribbage (*The World's Best Two-hand Card Game*, SI, Dec. 2). Mr. Goren hit the nail on the head when he said that too many people fail to learn this great game because they think a cribbage board is as complicated as an accordion. It is merely a simple device for counting up to 121.

We enjoyed the cribbage problems but must take issue with one solution that shows dealer playing a 4 (from 7-4-3-A) after an opening play of a 6 by non-dealer. If non-dealer has a 9 to play after the 5 and 7 are played, dealer will give 7 points to get 4 on the sequence. If non-dealer has an 8, dealer will give 10 points to get 6.

We would sacrifice possible chance at "go" by playing the ace after the 5.

K. V. DANIELS

Birmingham, Mich.

● Mr. Daniels, obviously an expert player, offers a completely acceptable alternative to Charles Goren's recommended strategy.—ED.

Sirs:

Cribbage is a gentleman's game; only the lowest of individuals would put a 5-count card in his own crib.

WILLIAM C. KING

Rockford, Ill.

● A 5 in the hand is worth two in the crib.—ED.

Sirs:

We were playing cribbage this afternoon, and this hand came up. Would Mr. Goren care to tabulate the score for us? The starter was the 7 of diamonds. Play was as follows. Open—4. Dealer—4 for pair. Non—4 for pair royal. Dealer—3 for 15. Then in order, 5, 2, 3, ace. We tabulated the hands and the crib without trouble, but it was, by our tabulations, unnecessary, as both of us went out (one too late) during the course of play.

ROY KELLY and WARD DOERING
Peaslee du Chien, Wis.

● Non-dealer's hand is worth 12 points and he scores 9 more in the pegging. Dealer's hand is worth 6 points and he scores 12 points in the pegging.—ED.

Sirs:

We enjoyed especially Charles Goren's article on cribbage and would like to know where the new type cribbage board illustrated can be found.

Mrs. ELAINE BARRETT

Haverhill, Mass.

● The Lowe board can be obtained by sending \$2.40 to Parker and Battersby, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.—ED.

TURF: A MATTER OF JUDGMENT

Sirs:

There is no better racing writer in the United States today than *The Morning Telegraph's* Bob Horwood. His comments on the balloting for this year's Horse of the Year ("Some of us will always think that Gallant Fox's three victories in major stakes should count at least as much as

Bold Ruler's one. And if Bold Ruler was brilliant in the Trenton, what was Gallant Man when he set an American record for a mile and a half in the Belmont under 126 pounds while winning by eight lengths?" are worth some thought. Taken together with recent reflections on baseball balloting, with special reference to Ted Williams, they raise an interesting question about sports polls. Personally I prefer the "aristocracy" of good critics to the "democracy" of the poll, especially as there is no pre-election campaign to enlighten the "voters."

The racing secretaries vote, as they should, every racing day, with the weight they put on horses. What weights would they now assign to Bold Ruler and Gallant Man in two handlings at a mile and a quarter and mile and a half respectively? I would be fascinated to know why any handicapper would make Bold Ruler give Gallant Man two pounds at a mile and a quarter (reversing the Trenton weights) and astounded if he didn't make Gallant Man give a couple of pounds to Bold Ruler at a mile and a half. Just what does the sports poll mean but that Bold Ruler must give weight even though Gallant Man beat Bold Ruler in two of the outstanding classics for 3-year-olds in which they met, in addition to the Woodward Stakes?

Racing as a championship game has suffered from growth and dispersion, and racing owners and trainers showed superlative sportsmanship this year in bringing together the best of a great crop, when they could easily have ducked and left the issue untried so far as the late season is concerned. Especially is this true of Trainer Johnny Neud who commented bitterly that if Gallant Man was not voted Horse of the Year he would never again train a horse for the Belmont Stakes and Jockey Club Gold Cup. This statement cannot be laid to mere temperament. Mr. Neud didn't cry over Willie Shoemaker's error in the Derby.

The poll is not a matter of error, but of point of view and soundness of judgment. The question Mr. Neud raises goes to the heart of American racing: What does it pay to train a horse for the Belmont Stakes? Here is a man who did and now rue it. So, shall we speed up to a mile and quarter at most and continue to go to Europe for proven stamina? The writers' poll shows that this weakness in American racing and breeding is in the brain of the critics (who confer fame) as well as in the bias toward sprints and middle-distances held by most race tracks.

JOHN MACDONALD

New York

• For wholehearted agreement with Mr. Macdonald's comments on the general merits of polls and the comparative merits of Bold Ruler and Gallant Man see Whitney Tower's *Horses of the Year*, page 28.—ED.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

B—G.F., H.P., A.P., D.; F—Morris Rosenfeld, A.P.;
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 Dan Wagner; 34, 36—A.P.; 42—Canada Pictorial; 43—
 44—A. Harlow; 45—man by William Reynolds;
 52—Richard Muel; 57—Hart Allen; 72—Jerry Corbis;
 74—Budd Steiner



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PEGGY AUGUSTUS

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Keith Trophy for Working Hunters at Warrenton, Va.; the Pennsylvania Steel Trophy for Conformation Hunters at Harrisburg, Pa.; and the William Wharton Trophy for Ladies' Conformation Hunters at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. She also won the Conformation Hunter Stake at the Royal Winter Fair Horse Show in Toronto. Peggy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth H. Augustus of Cobham, Va. and Wiloughby, Ohio, celebrated her 25th birthday two weeks ago. She has been in show competition since she was 15.



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